The New York Times Book Review

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TO BE OR NOT TO BE A CITIZEN

Contradictory Virtues of City and Country Living

THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY. By Charles Downing Lay. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.

A BUCOLIC ATTITUDE. By Walter Prichard Eaton. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.

By HENRY JAMES FORMAN

CITY life or country life—which is preferable?

The casuists of Tut-ankh-Amen's day missed a golden opportunity in not settling this question permanently. It is known that in Nebuchadnezzar's time the subject was still raging. Since then the question has been lying perdue. It escaped the attention of Aristotle and Plato and, oddly, had no part in the education of Henry Adams. Indeed, until now no one has dared to grapple with this overshadowing theme until Mr. Lay, Mr. Eaton and their publishers decided to lay their earnest hands upon it. Whether or not Mr. Lay and Mr. Eaton settle the problem will presently appear. The time to dispose of it, however, is indubitably here and now. And should these writers fail of a solution we scarcely dare conjecture what might not be the upshot to what we may call our civilization.

Mr. Lay is a landscape architect and much interested in zoning and town planning. His little book, therefore, has much to say upon congestion, transportation, and generally upon the statistics of civic population. But let no one carry away the idea that his opus is devoid of poetry. It rises at times and in (small) spots to lyrical altitudes that remind one of Whitman. "Think, for instance," he submits, "what a yell from a city window will bring. First a policeman"—optimistic Mr. Lay!—"then firemen and an ambulance with its doctor and nurse. What use to yell in the country?" Nor is that all. The Muses today, he is convinced, dwell on one of our steel-framed peaks in the city. Whether the Woolworth Building or the Bush Terminal we are not told for obvious reasons. But who is the man who would not like Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, laugh with delight at the thought? Mr. Lay cannot tolerate the talk of New York's congestion. He is energetic in rebuttal. Listen to him:

> There is always talk and complaint of New York's congestion. We protest against it, we think we suffer because of it, we say we abhor it, but are we not, when we talk, really boasting of it and unconsciously reveling in it, as in some unholy pleasure? But why unholy? Why view with aldrm anything so natural, so desirable. The debt limit is reached and we can borrow no more for subways! Well, what of that, if true? We can raise the debt limit or assess the costs of the property benefited if we want to. I, for one, find it every year more worth while living here, and I can endure paying for it. This is the crux: How much congestion are we willing to pay for? And in what way must we pay? Congestion, as it is called, is what we came for, what we stay for, what we hunger for. On congestion, if we have power and can move our supplies and manufactures, we depend for our living. Why limit it or ourselves?

The plan of New York City fascinates Mr. Lay like a lover. And he has a delighted suspicion that it is a plan peculiarly adapted to congestion, and hence the secret of the city's growth.

Spring, Washington Square.

From a Painting by John Sloan in the New Society Exhibition at the Anderson Galleries.

As this review is being written the newspapers announce the proposal of a regional plant to cost $1,700,000,000 to relieve Manhattan of its congestion. But Mr. Lay glories in the wholesome congestion of New York. "I cannot see," he avers, "that the fresh air and hookworms of this country have any advantage over our negro district." The farmer, in Mr. Lay's opinion, has nothing much to be proud of. Many a farmhouse is poorer than the crowded tenement, and the fresh air in the country is perhaps excessive, dulling the nerves and the intellect. "Nor," he adds, "do these city dwellers who praise country living seem to value the superior mental activity, the quick reactions and the high sensitivity of the city man." The author can remember no great man in our history who was content to stay on the farm. No, no! Do not even dream of going back to the land. "We must be in the city and of the city, then we shall make the city ever greater than it is." I omit citation of most of Mr. Lay's statistics because it is, after all, the poetry of life that moves us more than figures, and Mr. Lay's poetic conception of city life carries the warmer appeal. In the city, he adds, in a fine Robin Hood spirit, only those carrying large sums of money are attacked by motor bandits. "In the country any one may be attacked, so that for safety one's home must be a fortress." In fact of this telling clincher, what need of figures or statistics? It is not for nothing that a great man spoke of our embattled farmers. Behold the watch tower on every silo, the loopholes in every farmhouse, the arsenal of machine guns spitting in the night, the daily matutinal barrage by the well-drilled cows as the serried milk-cans go into action—ah, well, we had better not dwell upon this dark phase of our harassed rural life. It is not for idle pastime that Congress is always talking of doing something for the farmer. Mr. Lay's touching picture will doubtless prove a cogent plea.

Mr. Walter Eaton, country dweller that he is, has no access to statistics and therefore uses none. The country has made him hard and opinionated.

In "A Bucolic Attitude" he comes out roundly for country life, at least in America. He does indeed agree with Mr. Lay as to the number of theatre seats available on any night in the region of Times Square. Mr. Lay says there are 50,000 in that district alone, though on a rainy night at Joe Lebiang's you might think there were more. And yet Mr. Eaton prefers the country. He points out that the easiest and quickest way of crossing Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street is to take a New York train to Albany and come back on the West Shore. We think that is a mild exaggeration, but let that pass. He admits, moreover, that in the city you can hear music, go to the play and talk to interesting people. That, however, to him is true largely of New York alone. He suggests that there are cities in this broad land where this is not so true. Be that, however, as it may, there are for Eaton certain "Intangibles," as he calls them, in country life that outweigh the advantages of the city. "I know," he says, "that for me, and I truly believe that for many other people, they are of the utmost importance in a scheme of life which seeks balance, dignity, sweetness and repose."

To this reviewer there has always been something of strangeness about Mr. Eaton, and these quoted words of his prove it. He goes about describing the joy he felt in seeking and finding his place in the country. Then he and his wife settled there and were strangely happy. He says:

> A trip to the postoffice was a social event after supper. In all activities there was spontaneous and cheerful cooperation, whether it was a church supper or the building of a ski jump and toboggan slide or the staging of a

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The Noon Hour Pastorale, by Lewis A. Herzog, Exhibited by the Independent Artists.

Some Skeletons in the Wine Cellar

Mr. Shand Finds a Bar Sinister in the Pedigrees of Port and "Bubbly"

From a Painting by Hiler Harzberg.

A BOOK OF WINE. *By P. Morton Shand. New York: Brentano's. $6.00.*

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

CHAMPAGNE is a synthetic booze and port is a variety of ardent spirits. So one must conclude from the aggressive denunciations of those beverages made by P. Morton Shand, introduced to us by the publishers as "an experienced and recognized authority on all that pertains to wine, its history, properties, vintages, topography, virtues, vices and blessings." The news will be a distinct shock to a public which habitually uses champagne and wine as convertible terms, and which, when it orders "wine," means champagne; and no less of a shock to those who talk of the rich, fruity flavor of good old port. Mr. Shand overwhelms both these drinkables with scorn, affirming that they are merely plain booze, popular because they are heavily laden with alcohol, or, to use the phrase of a pre-Volstead generation, they "make the drunk come quick." In the case of champagne he admits another attraction, which is that it costs a good deal.

These are not mere affirmations. Mr. Shand, who abhors drinking for the sake of inducing drunkenness, goes deeply into the making of these as well as of real wines, and produces horrifying details of the manufacture of these vinous masqueraders. As a connoisseur of wines he despises the "sparkling" variety, and exposes relentlessly the artifices by which sparkless drinks are made to sparkle. His contempt for one drink which is held almost in reverence by ignorant drinkers—sparkling Burgundy—is simply ineffable; and as he knows how to wield a pen his flagellations cut deep. "How many young men of today," he derisively inquires, "who talk glibly about 'having a bottle of "Bubbly" (it used to be "Fizz") put on the ice' know that their favorite champagne is as much a blended product as their more 'usual' proprietary brand of Scotch whisky?"

There is a real champagne, but it is not sparkling. The sparkling quality is artificially created, and when we speak of champagne we are really referring to "a manufactured, blended and standardized sparkling wine." The bottled product is a mixture of several wines, and the sparkle is obtained by forcing sugar into the alcohol. But Mr. Shand seems almost respectful to champagne when one compares his strictures on it with his loathing of port: "Sherry is a noble wine, a true hidalgo, and it is unblushing philistinism to mention it in the same breath as that dubious heavy dragoon dago adventurer turned vulgar profiteer, port."

Once, it seems, port was a real wine, and its degradation began in 1715, when the Portuguese discovered that they could sell more of it by overloading it with alcohol artificially until, one concludes, it stands on a par with such abhorrent things as whisky, gin and rum in Mr. Shand's mind. He pours out his scorn on Dr. Johnson for his praise of port as wine, saying: "Every bottle of Methuen port he drank contained a good 40 per cent. of aguardiente brandy as fiery as his own blustering scorn." In other words, port is nearly half brandy; and if Johnson's approval of it stamps him as "a true Englishman," Mr. Shand reminds us that it was also the favorite drink of "the gross and noisy Bismarck, who was a swashbuckling superman and a German—ein echter Deutscher if ever there was one—*the* German par excellence, in fact." He thinks Goethe "would have had as little stomach for port as Milton," but that Luther would have enjoyed it, because he "liked wine, women and song, and plenty of each at the same time, as a relaxation from the sublime heroism of Worms or the mystic poltergeisterism of the Wartburg, but preferably girls with fat legs."

His horror of ardent spirits is such that he can hardly bring himself to mention them, and he rejoices over the Volstead act with un-Christian glee. He regrets that the chapter on American wines "should be in the nature of an epitaph on a deserted vineyard, but such is the inevitable price that has to be paid for the nightmare of rye whisky and bourbon." Toward real wine his attitude is reverent. He approaches it with something like the feeling of a priest. "Never smoke with, or even some time before, an even moderately good wine. In the case of a really fine wine, were it the finest cigar in existence that you light, your are guilty of blasphemy and the action of a vandal. If you are a cigarette maniac, who must smoke at all times and in all company, far better confine yourself to whisky and soda, for your case is a hopeless one." Neither should you eat, unless you happen to like nuts, which are permissible with red wines. Before you take your first mouthful you should moisten your lips and the tip of your tongue with the wine, and you cannot achieve perfection in this matter of tasting if you swallow that mouthful; you should rinse your mouth with it and spit it out. He ruefully admits that this is impossible in public, "but can be secretly practiced in the privacy of the home."

This reverence is illustrated somewhat extravagantly in one of the many things he has to say about burgundy: "Alexandre Dumas proclaimed that it should only be drunk kneeling and bareheaded—a pious and gracefully turned sentiment for which many blood-and-thunder novels may be forgiven him." The idea that Dumas can be forgiven for "The Three Musketeers" because he appreciated burgundy shows a reverence for burgundy that cannot be matched, even if it does not show quite so much respect for literature.

Aside from his ruthless exposure of champagne and port, his attitude toward the wines of all countries is in general respectful. It is but rarely that a sudden dig in the ribs apprises you of his real and secret opinion of some national wines, as when, after a chapter on the wines of Australia, written apparently in the soberest strain, a chapter that any Australian could read with at least some degree of complacency, he unexpectedly and witheringly concludes:

"There is one use for which Australian wines have been found unrivaled: the christening of British warships at their launches."

He does, however, display a somewhat unworthy spirit in his glee over the Volstead act. He actually "exults"—his own word—in the enforced limitation of the number of "potential drinkers of fine wines" in this country. There does not seem to be any reason for this exultation, except the fact, if it is one, that along with the loss of fine wines there goes the loss of hard liquor and those abominations in his eyes, "sparkling" drinks masquerading as wine. "For," he says correctly, "it can be pretty safely assumed that little or nothing save spirits and champagne is considered worthy of a rum-runner's or a bootlegger's consideration." He does not seem, however, to allow for the possibility that the Volstead act, while wiping out "fine wines," has only increased the hardness of hard liquor, a thing which, if true, is not a consummation devoutly to be wished—by Mr. Shand, at any rate, poet laureate of the true wines.

It must not be assumed that this book is in the least degree frivolous. If this review gives such an impression, it is only because Mr. Shand's sharp-edged sallies and lively humor tempt quotation irresistibly. In truth the book is a mine of information about wine of every name and kind. It travels around the world from Portugal to Persia—where, according to a legend which he retails deliciously, wine originated—and gives about all the information one can reasonably expect on the subject. It detracts nothing from the value of the information that the writer takes his subject at once so seriously and so humorously.

High Spots in the History of Ink

PRINTING INK—A HISTORY. *By Frank E. Wiborg. Illustrated. 220 pp. New York and London: Harper & Bros. $4.*

FROM a background of almost half a century of actual research and experience in the manufacture of printing ink—an experience which embraced opportunities for travel and study—the author has written an authoritative, technical treatise and a comprehensive and interesting history of this essential industry. He has dipped his pen deep in the well of historic romance and traced for us through the centuries by way of China, Japan, Tibet, India, Egypt, Greece, Italy and Europe the story of that substance a small drop of which, "falling like dew upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands (perhaps millions) think."

Although the exact date is lost in the mists of antiquity, China, we learn, gave us the first recording fluid worthy the name—a varnish obtained from the sap of the lacquer or varnish tree called "mo" or "mo king," and variously changed and developed in combination with other substances through the ages in China, Japan and Central Asia.

Among the Greeks [to quote from the author], ink was called mêlan (black) or enkaustos. It varied according to the writing material and was distinct for parchment and papyrus. * * * Two pigments were known * * * one made from dried wine lees and the other form burnt ivory. * * * According to Pliny the latter was invented by the painter Apelles, while Polygnatus and Micon, the most celebrated painters of Athens, made their black from grape-husk. In both cases it was soot pulverised with gum and dissolved in water. * * * Like Chinese ink, it was solid and kept dry.

In contrast to the permanent, insoluble Chinese ink of the East, the ink used by the Romans was liquid and could be erased with a wet sponge, as is attested by the fact that an inkstand containing some ink, thick but still fluid, was found in the ruins of Pompeii.

The development of printing ink in Europe advanced step by step with the art of printing. It was given its first real impetus about two centuries before Christ, when parchment superseded papyrus as a writing surface at the time the Ptolemies forbade the exportation of papyrus into Greece. The first ink to be used on vellum was composed of soot, charcoal and gum. This was, in all probability, the ink used to print the world's first daily newspaper, founded by Julius Caesar to disseminate the news of the Roman Senate. These acts of the Senate were "reported" by trained writers and inscribed on waxed tablets made of wood or metal which had been scratched with a stylus.

Little is known of the composition of the colored inks used in the illustration of manuscripts in the early Middle Ages, but that they were drawing inks derived from Dutch and German painters seems to be an established fact.

With the invention of movable type in the fifteenth century, the history of printing ink becomes merged indivisibly with the history of the development of typography. The first typographic printers made their own inks, and splendid specimens of their beauty and durability have come down to us in various examples of incunabula. The ink used in printing the Gutenberg Bible was in all probability prepared by Johannes Gutenberg himself—"a true black, not glossy but very firm and rich." Jensen, Ratdoldt, Aldus in Venice, Plantin in Antwerp, Caxton in London—all prepared their own printing inks.

The first printing in America, according to the author, was done at Mexico City as early as 1536. Pioneer American printers in the Colonies obtained their inks from manufacturers in England, although two of the best-known early American printers, Christophen Saur and Benjamin Franklin, made their own inks.

The growth of the printing ink industry in the United States is traced by Mr. Wiborg through the successive stages of its commercial development from the rule of thumb methods used fifty to a hundred years ago up to the intricate laboratory problems and chemical experiments necessary to the manufacture of ink in the twentieth century. The remarkable growth of the ink industry (in 1923 the value of ink production in the United States alone amounted to $20,412,122) has been due largely to such wonderful mechanical inventions as the mammoth web newspaper press, linotype composing machine, the high speed rotary presses and other improvements which have revolutionized the publishing and printing industries and brought about new problems in the use and formulae of inks.

To the majority of readers the first part of the book—that concerned with the history of ink—will be of greatest interest. The remaining twelve chapters—those which deal scientifically with such technical subjects as the modern methods of ink manufacture, the chemical properties of printing ink and the outstanding printing processes—lithography, off-set photo-engraving, color process work, &c.—will be of value and interest only to those concerned in a practical way with the mechanics of printing.

An etymology of the word "ink," a complete bibliography, brief reviews of notable books on the subject of ink and an appendix outlining his own experience as one of the pioneer ink manufacturers complete Mr. Wiborg's history of printing ink, probably the most authentic and comprehensive chronicle of the subject ever before given to the public.

Those concerned with the practical side of printing will want to own a copy of this book for the technical information it contains—while the history of the development of printing ink brings to light many illuminating historic facts interrelated with the progress of civilization which will engage the attention of the general reader, particularly if he be interested in the graphic arts to the library of which Mr. Wiborg's book is a notable contribution.

FRANCES ATWATER.

Biographical Symposium of Seven American Cardinals

Dr. Walsh Reviews Our Contribution to the Sacred College

***OUR AMERICAN CARDINALS.** By James J. Walsh. 242 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50.*

By ALLEN SINCLAIR WILL

THE upper hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church includes a large proportion of strong personalities. The College of Cardinals is a body of leaders chosen from among leaders, in the process of promotion from the lower clerical ranks, and the responsibilities put upon its members are such as to bring out the best powers which any of the selected and reselected group can possess. These are not the powers which find vent through the exercise of material force, nor even always the powers of the militant combatant in the forums of reason. They may be exerted inshowily in the placid fields of organization, administration and conciliation.

Thus it was said of Cardinal McCloskey, first in the distinctively American line, when he was involved in the complications of a refractory parish, that "he will not fight, but he will conquer," and he did. He was, as his successor, Cardinal Gibbons, said in the sermon at his funeral in St. Patrick's Cathedral in 1885, "meek, gentle, retiring from the world," a reminder of "Moses with uplifted hands praying on the mountains." Gibbons, of a far different type, had shown unmistakably in early years his courage and capability in physical encounter when attacked, and, though he was prudence itself in the generalship for causes, many of them civic, which he exhibited, he was unsurpassed in daring when the time came for a decisive act symbolizing his profound convictions. The careers of these two prelates exemplified the free play of temperament which is often characteristic of Cardinals and which makes the lives of many of them fascinating stories when measured only by secular standards.

Barely more than half a century ago American interest in the cardinalate was remote, for it was not until 1875 that Pius IX decided to accord this country representation in what, by a slight stretch of meaning, may be called the Senate of the Church. Now that interest is far from remote, for not only have there been six American Cardinals since McCloskey, but Gibbons, mingling for nearly a half century in the vortex of American life in many manifestations, carried the possibilities of the meaning of the office to the minds of his fellow-countrymen in a way which they will not soon forget. Surely Cardinals are no longer men of impersonal and distant interest in New York, for of the seven who form the subjects of Dr. Walsh's book three have had their seats in this diocese.

The appearance of this work is obviously opportune in view of the international gathering for the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, but it is far more than a timely book. The biographies in it are clearly etched portraits, worthy of permanent preservation, and they give a faithful picture of the lives, labors and characteristics of their subjects.

Dr. Walsh, who is a member of the Faculties of Fordham University and Cathedral College, remarks in his modest preface that he has known all of the American Cardinals personally. There are others who have known them. Yet it may be doubted if any one in this category is better equipped than he by keen powers of observation and thorough comprehension of all aspects of his task to tell the story in a forceful and entertaining way.

American Catholicism had a slow though steady growth from the days of Archbishop Carroll, when Colonial discriminations were lifted by the fiat of religious liberty in the Constitution, but it was not until the great Irish immigration in the middle of the last century that its numbers began to advance like the leaping of a tide. The Curia, with its perspective reaching from antiquity to modern times, is indisposed to be hastened in adapting itself to sudden changes, but with the slowness which was to be expected, for this reason, in admitting Americans to the highest body of the Church there was another element of delay. In the Civil War passions were aroused by attempts to claim Catholic influence for one side or the other and after the war these fevers cooled slowly.

It was fitting, therefore, that when Pius IX finally decided that the time had come to bestow a red hat on an American he should select one of the type of Archbishop McCloskey to receive it. If any prelate was fitted to allay suspicion and hostility it was he. Then, too, he was the successor of Hughes, who had earned the gratitude of Lincoln for his work abroad in preventing French recognition of the belligerency of the Confederacy, and he was the head of the diocese in which, as Dr. Walsh observes, there are "more practical Catholics than in any other diocese in the world."

Dr. Walsh brings out the fact that McCloskey gave unmistakable evidence of his humility when he resisted the process of ecclesiastical preferment at a critical time in his career, and it is worthy of note that Gibbons did likewise. A letter written by McCloskey to Cardinal Reisach when his appointment as Archbishop was proposed is quoted by the author. An extract reads:

> I write to implore your Eminence, in case there should be any danger of my appointment or of my being transferred from Albany to New York, to aid me in preventing it, and to save me from the humiliation and misery of being placed in a position for the duties and responsibilities of which I feel myself both physically and morally unequal and unfit.

Then years later Gibbons, then Bishop of Richmond, wrote to Archbishop Bayley of Baltimore, when the latter had decided to recommend him for coadjutor in the oldest see in the United States, expressing great reluctance on the score of general incapacity and physical weakness, saying:

> I have a grounded fear that I would not satisfy your Grace's expectations and that I would not improve on closer acquaintance.

McCloskey, the self-effacing scholar, was nevertheless an exceedingly able administrator, and one of the fruits of his work was the completion of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Some measure of his ecclesiastical efficiency may be gathered from Dr. Walsh's statement that during his Archbishopric the number of churches and chapels in his jurisdiction increased from 85 to 229.

With the advent of Gibbons the prestige of the cardinalate in the United States took on a new significance. It was his overwhelming desire to exemplify the fruits of religion in the common affairs of life. His remarkable capacity for public activities held the attention of his fellow-countrymen of all shades of religious belief. It was said of him that had he not become a priest he would probably have been President of the United States. He was modest, but accessible, and the world could beat a pathway to his door, which it soon proceeded to do.

Dr. Walsh says:

> Cardinal Gibbons was a great American churchman, proud of his Americanism above everything else, and his life was devoted to making his fellow-citizens better Americans just in so far as his efforts and the influence of his Church, the great historic Church of Christianity, could accomplish that purpose.

The story is well told of Cardinal Gibbons's long battle for the recognition of the rights of labor, his determined stand for the orderly assimilation of immigrants into American life, his influence in Rome as a representative American, his working hand in hand with Leo XIII, his help to Presidents in trying situations, such as the purchase of the friar lands in the Philippines, and his deep earnestness in the great effort to mobilize American Catholic support in the World War, as well as manifold labors in other directions.

The author remarks again:

> Very probably the best demonstration in the concrete of the success of the relations between Church and State in America is to be found in the mutual good-will and even intimate friendship which existed between Cardinal Gibbons and the various Presidents of the United States during the long years of his life as Cardinal. With all of them there was an intimacy that made misunderstanding impossible. These men had the most perfect confidence in each other's absolute sincerity and good faith and shared the conviction that their one idea was the highest good of the American people as they saw it.

The memory of Cardinal Farley, friend of and co-worker with Gibbons, is still fresh in the diocese of New York. In civil life, Dr. Walsh observes, Farley "might have been a captain of industry." He allayed controversies which had been rife before his accession to the Archbishopric, developed Catholic education amazingly, gave powerful help to the project of the Catholic Encyclopedia, organized a great celebration of the centenary of the diocese and, in general, showed that his "power of organization was superb." He was one of the firmest supporters of the Catholic University at Washington.

The sketches of the living Cardinals are all done with judicious strokes which cause clear images of them to rise before the reader's mind. Cardinal O'Connell made a brilliant success as rector of the American College in Rome. He has revived in the Boston diocese the guilds which were characteristic of the Church in mediæval times, and his interest in education and missions has borne fruitful results. The work of Cardinal Dougherty as teacher, as a Bishop in the Philippines and in this country and his spreading of parishes, schools and institutions of mercy in Philadelphia is fully recorded by Dr. Walsh. Cardinal Mundelein has been the inspiration of numerous works of church organization in Chicago and has participated in "the economic, patriotic, educational and civic life" of the city. Finally there is an informing sketch of Cardinal Hayes, "the Cardinal of Charity," the Catholic Bishop ordinary of the armed forces of the United States in the World War.

Dr. Walsh writes from personal observation when he says:

> Cardinal Hayes likes to talk of himself as the shepherd of his flock. He has said over and over again in public addresses that he does not like people to think of him so much as a Cardinal or Archbishop, as of a shepherd. The tenderness in his heart is well-known. He has a gentleness and a fatherly solicitude for those with whom he comes in contact that has made him deeply beloved by all those who know him well and has given him a very warm place in the hearts of those who are brought in contact with him even but transitorily.

The author remarks that all of the American Cardinals have "come from the people" and have known something of straitened circumstances in their early years. Their Americanism, he says, has been "the keynote of their characters," and they have done their best to make American Catholics better citizens. In a sense, the stories of all seven of these prelates blend into one, for their work has been interlaced, and Dr. Walsh has hit upon a happy idea in giving them all as a unit in a single compact and readable volume.

Cardinal Gibbons.

A Journalistic Who's Who

WHO'S WHO IN JOURNALISM: A Biographical Directory and Reference Book of the Journalistic Profession. Editors, S. Gershanek and M. N. Ash. 323 pp. New York: The Journalism Publishing Company.

THE large and growing Who's Who family will welcome to its ranks this new candidate for the good-will of the public. Devoted to the furnishing of authentic data concerning the journalistic profession and industry in the United States and Canada, its chief contents are the biographical sketches of about 2,000 editors and publishers of daily and weekly newspapers, trade journals and magazines. In addition there are lists of journalism schools and their Faculties, with outlines of their courses, lists of journalistic societies, clubs and other organizations and of their officers and directors, lists of national news features and syndicates, a bibliography of works dealing with matters of interest in the journalistic field, codes of ethics that have been adopted by various organizations. The editors announce that the volume will appear annually and will be revised and improved each year. The biographical sketches are very brief, including in condensed form such information as name, date and place of birth, education, present position, previous services, authorship of books, membership in clubs and address. If these sketches do not contain the names of many prominent members of the journalistic profession, doubtless it is because they did not collaborate with the editors in their desire to make the work comprehensive.

About Books, *More or Less*: Far Away and Long Ago

By SIMEON STRUNSKY

NEARLY everything that can be said in words or indicated by the slightly uplifted eyebrow has been said and indicated concerning America's immemorial past. I refer to the time when men wore starched shirts in Summer, voted for the youthful William J. Bryan, and looked forward to a life of bliss without parting by the side of Sweet Rosie O'Grady. A remorseless analysis has demonstrated that the boiled shirt and heavy vest of the '90s were conducive to moral prickly heat; William J. Bryan and his rivals were compounded of equal parts of tin, plaster and solid bone. Men lost their senses and shouted "Remember the Maine!" Women clamored for the vote under the delusion that they were asking for something worth while. People visited the Chicago Fair and were visibly impressed. In other ways they asserted and practiced a way of life which it would be now sheer cruelty to compare, let us say, with the life outlook revealed in the negro art of the lower Congo. Rosie O'Grady herself wore a truly horrible shirtwaist, a bell-skirt which saved a good deal of trouble for the Department of Street Cleaning, and a "rat" in her front hair. All this has been made abundantly vivid and properly dismissed. What analysis has not quite succeeded in doing is to explain away the consideration that Rosie O'Grady in the 1890s was, after all, sweet.

The present writer has long entertained a suspicion which he has hitherto kept to himself and which he now ventures to impart only under the strictest pledge of confidence. He has long suspected that satirical books about the tail-end of the nineteenth century are chiefly read by sentimental persons who were young or passing young in those days. They are now fluttering through the pages of the old family album with the plush covers and the lozenge-shaped mirror in the centre, pretending to be, or perhaps trying to be, amused, and not succeeding. It is an excellent opportunity which Thomas Beer and the lighter pages of Mark Sullivan offer us: to be up with the times of 1926 and yet to be back in the times of 1896; to laugh at the bell-shaped skirt and the leg-of-mutton sleeve and the synthetic pompadour, and yet to feel something warm and ridiculously soft welling up under what would have been called in 1896 the corsage. Is this duplicity on the reader's part? It is legal. I don't imagine that Mr. Knopf for Thomas Beer or Messrs. Scribner's Sons for Mark Sullivan will insist on having back the book and giving you back the money if, having bought to laugh, you remain to—well, to be reminiscent.

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THIS furtive, almost shamefaced nostalgia for the days when we were young in shirtwaists and on safety bicycles may be one of many things. One thing is certain. It cannot be all the fault of Al Smith who begat into a new life "The Sidewalks of New York"; which begat "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" and "Two Little Girls in Blue"; which bring to the surface all manner of far away and long ago things that are now subjected to satire by Mr. Beer and to objective chronicle by Mr. Sullivan. Say that Al Smith's "East Side, West Side" did open the floodgates. The flood must have been piled up there behind. Perhaps it is middle age at its old pathetic game of seeking to recapture youth. Perhaps it is speed weariness, seeking momentary escape into quieter years. Perhaps it is the seventh last wave of nineteenth century sentimentality, and then the permanent recessional. Presumably Einstein has not abolished the law of action and reaction in nature, and there is at hand an inevitable minority to be wistful about the dead 1890s precisely because they are being laughed at. At any rate, it is the fact that satire on 1896 sells well and the songs of 1896 sell well. At least they go well over the radio, where, I am told, the old songs are now a popular program feature.

The suspicion to which I have given utterance above, under the severest precautions, might be carried further. It might even be suggested that the very practitioners in satire on the nineteenth century are susceptible to a certain wistfulness about that amusing era. This explanation I do not seriously maintain, and yet how otherwise is one to account for our present extraordinary preoccupation with the men and faiths and practices of thirty-five years ago? Who ever thinks of satirizing Queen Anne? Satire is a whip, and people very seldom go in for lashing the dead. Neither are mirrors held up to them, but to the living. War between the sons and the fathers I can understand and accept as in the nature of things. The fathers own the estates we would fain administer, as has been pointed out by a series of observers from Horatius Flaccus to William Makepeace Thackeray. The fathers make the laws which they would have us obey, write the books which we must write differently if they are to be written at all, and in general insist on cluttering up the passage when they are not actually squatting on our young shoulders. Paterfilius wars are all right with the present writer. But quarreling with one's grandfather is not so easy to understand. The men who shaped American life in the '90s of the last century are for the most part dead. Why, then, are they being raised out of their non-competitive graves and subjected to the ironic treatment? It is a puzzle; unless, as suggested above, it is only our modern way of being wistful about them.

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BUT if the motive is obscure, I think one may speak with some definiteness about the methods and results of the new satirical treatment for grandfathers and, as would have been said in 1896, their helpmates. Grandpa and Grandma have not had a square deal. The spotlight has been trained on their little weaknesses. The good has remained interred with their bones. Here, again, I would not say that the manipulation of light and shadow has been deliberate. It is probably nearer to the truth to say that the satirist has fallen a victim to the superficialities—to the famous shirtwaist, diving-bell skirt, leg-of-mutton sleeve and pompadour of the 1890s. The critic has not unreasonably—well, anyhow, he has concluded that a generation which arrayed itself in such horrors must have been the kind of generation that would wear such things. It was a generation which set itself against nature, when it played tennis with yards of selvage around what was in the '90s just beginning to be called the legs, went bathing in a solid armor of knitted ware and constricted the waistline to a couple of handfuls. It follows that if people at tennis and on the beach were not at all inside what they looked outside it would be the same with their politics, their religion and their arts and letters. Ridiculous in more or less degree inside and outside, because inside and outside against nature.

The assumption is plausible enough, only it happens not to be very true. As intimated before this, I hold no brief for the flounced shirtwaist and the bellskirt; that would be a task beyond the resources of the entire Bar Association of the United States. And yet it is on record that romantic love did exist in the '90s. It existed, it was openly practiced, it was shamelessly avowed on different social levels in the form of reiterated statements that the Gibson girl was beautiful and that Rosie O'Grady was sweet. The reader can see for himself how easy it would be to seize upon the familiar data and derive quite a different verdict concerning the '90s' sensitiveness to beauty. The reader might say, or if he is timid about it the present writer will say it for him: How exquisitely tremulous to the faintest intimations of beauty must have been the American male of about the period of the Dingley Tariff! Billows and surges of dress material hanging loose here, constricted there, distorted pretty nearly everywhere over the human form and out of the human form, did not avail to conceal from him the inner beauty that irradiated and transformed the worsteds and the knitted goods and the silks and the gores and the biases. How resourceful he was in overcoming obstacles which do not even confront the male of 1926! It is not on record that the moonlight of 1896 was less effective on a leg-of-mutton sleeve than the moonlight of 1926 is without sleeves; nor was the Strauss waltz frustrated by the fashions much more perceptibly than Paul Whiteman is handicapped today. Or if the handicaps on beauty were severer once upon a time, how much more loudly should we sing the praises of the men who so gallantly surmounted them.

It will be noted, in this matter of putting chains on nature, that the women of the Middle Brownstone age, though they fettered themselves with fetters of whalebone yet when they married they bore four and five children. Unshackled woman of today bears two children, or if she is a college graduate, one child and a half. The doctors of a generation ago who fought the long and heroic battle against the corset might be puzzled, if they were alive today, by the unexpected results of their notable victory. In general, then, we shall refrain from deducing the inner life of a period or a people from its outer vestments. A dowdy generation is not inevitably a frumpy generation in its Weltanschauung. You never can tell. We are not always or all of us chambered nautiluses building lovely mansions for ourselves by the slow deposit of layers of beauty from a central source. You never can tell about nature and clothes. Tacitus's Brünhildas were frumpy. Mr. Sinclair Lewis has just stressed the point that in the North Woods the wisest trailsmen sleep in pajamas.

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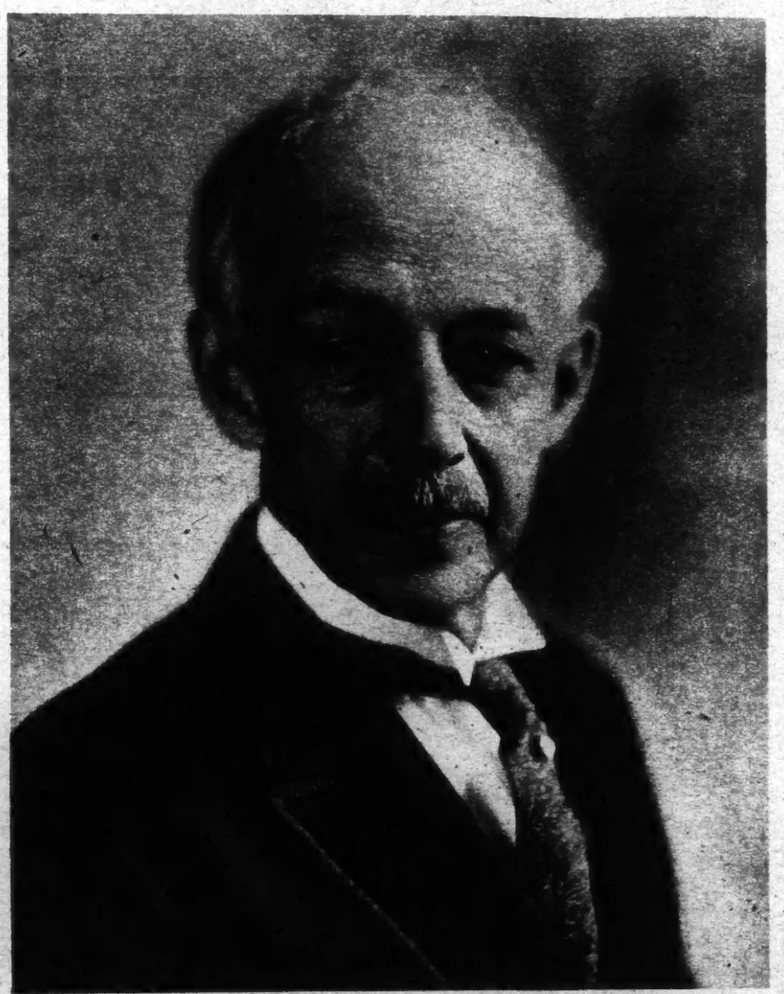
LOOKING back through the pages of Mark Sullivan, by way of check and commentary on Thomas Beer, the temptation sometimes arises to start out with the data of the 1890's or thereabout and deduce what would be now quite an original set of conclusions. One would point out what extraordinary native strength, what ruggedness of character, what imagination, and what devilry there must have been in a generation that accomplished so much despite the fearful handicap of its hideous clothes and its shoddy moralities. It was, for instance, the period when small town mid-Westerners in ugly clothes went about developing the automobile and so initiating a social revolution in the United States. It was the period when somewhere in Switzerland a little man in a boiled shirt was engaged in writing pedantic pamphlets and editing little partisan newspapers; his name was Nikolai Lenin. It was an age when, by all accounts, the seeds were being planted and the ways being prepared for that magnificent bit of self-expression known as the World War. I venture to cross the ocean for some of my examples because it will be remembered that in the Europe of the 1890's the fashions in shirtwaists and bathing suits were very much like our own. In England, in fact, they still had the bathing machine.

In this country, to come back home, they had one other thing which we no longer have. The thing was disappearing but the spirit it engendered still asserted itself. With the passing of the 90's, according to Mark Sullivan, went the age of free land in the United States, and Mr. R. L. Duffus in his TIMES review of Mark Sullivan's book seems to think that it meant the passing of the free man. As long as out West there was still a bit of soil to be had for the stumping and the plowing and seeding, the wage-earning American was always in a position to tell the boss to go to the devil. This wage-earner on Sunday may have put on a boiled shirt and stiff collar, but he was a much freer man than he now looks in the photographs. Incidentally he—and she—seems to have stood a bit nearer to nature than we do, by consuming 66 per cent. less candy per capita, only one-half as much soap and dental supplies, one-tenth as many cigarettes, and vastly smaller amounts of cosmetics.

The sum of it all is that the dead 90's have no reason for complaint against the deft hands now engaged in exhumation and exhibition. What does it matter if people nowadays are satirically preoccupied with the past? The point is that they are preoccupied. The thing that would hurt is indifference.

A PERIPATETIC BOOK REVIEW



Professor J. Carter Troop, President, New York Public Lecture Association, Who for Several Winters Has Delivered a Weekly Lecture on Books at the Hotel Majestic

(Wide World Studio Photo.)

Twelve Tales by Thomas Burke

The Author of "Limehouse Nights" Goes "East of Mansion House" For Romantic Material

***EAST OF MANSION HOUSE.** By Thomas Burke. 270 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.*

By JOHN W. CRAWFORD

Jacket Design for "East of Mansion House."

LIMEHOUSE and villages "of destruction surrendered to the conquering smoke" provide Thomas Burke with backgrounds for his new stories of aliens and of the very poor in London. He has discovered and exploited furtive, wistful gestures of the romantic impulse among factory workers and down-trodden clerks. He has found poetry in the Chinese quarter and highly colored, glamourous adventure along the docks of Stepney. The very gray of the sky and dull density of the smoke-laden air seem to bring out in Mr. Burke's characters a contorted violence of primitive passion. Mr. Burke's sympathies are actively engaged in behalf of youth, of whatever beauty may survive in the industrial ruck, of love, and of daring deeds.

The first story of the volume, "The Dream of Ah Lum," is likewise one of the most successful. Mr. Burke again introduces that sage and enigmatic figure, Quong Lee, who has appeared in "The Wind and the Rain," and in a volume of his own, "The Song Book of Quong Lee," as well as in certain of the "Limehouse Nights." Quong Lee it was, if memory serves, who made a present of a gaudy ginger jar to a starved little Cockney boy, who thereby, according to "The Wind and the Rain," was inspired to invest the squalid actualities of Limehouse with a mystery and magic of his own, which he drew out of the inexhaustible reservoir of the ginger jar. Quong Lee acts as chorus and interpreter to the sad story of Ah Lum, the nostalgic singer whose country never was.

"The Dream of Ah Lum" is entirely free of that suggestion of manufactured irony, which mars some of Mr. Burke's tales. It has the unexpected quirk of surprise at the very end, which Mr. Burke has possibly borrowed from our own "O. Henry," but it is in this instance a delighted astonishment based on a recognition of inevitability. Sooner or later, a practical Briton of the type of Fanny Freyne was bound to "discover" Ah Lum in his retreat at the Tea House of the Amber Chrysanthemum. Mr. Burke indicates his own deep contempt for Fanny by taking liberties with the poor girl's grammar and pronunciation. It is permissible, perhaps, but scarcely necessary. Fanny makes it possible for Ah Lum to return to that China for which he incessantly yearns in quaint and devious musics of the voice and wailing Chinese guitar. Quong Lee provides the key for the subsequent curious actions of Ah Lum, with the simple statement: "He was a poet."

Mr. Burke touches upon a peculiarly poignant situation in "The Pash," which is the variety of impassioned attachment of a young girl for an older woman that American college girls know as a "crush." To Amy, Miss Englefield represents order, refinement, competence, vision, wider horizons, and everything else that her dingy, muddled home life and the inconceivable depression of her days in the factory have never given her. To the welfare worker, Amy is a belated answer to a repressed and denied secret desire. Miss Englefield lets down all her defenses before Amy and is, of course, betrayed to the first personable young man who stumbles into the life of Amy. The resolution of the tension which develops in Miss Englefield verges upon melodrama, and clouds with a slight dissatisfaction the reticent and dignified treatment Mr. Burke has given to a difficult theme.

"Black Country" and "A Spot of Water" are instances of Mr. Burke's ironic pity gone over toward sentimentality. Charles Crabble in the first story and Josiah Cleemput in the second are failures in their respective fields. Charles longs for the comfort of a girl's love and earns, instead, an epithet so terrible that Mr. Burke may not even name its name. He indicates the nature of Charley's complaint when Charley sneaks into the picture show and cuts off the hair of the bright, particular girl of his distorted dreams.

Retribution comes to Charley in a somewhat forced fashion. Josiah is a failure in business and is obliged to see his rival triumph over him in every department. Josiah is an odd-looking little man, who conceals noble aspirations beneath the appearance of a clown. We are a bit overfamiliar with the struggles between Pierrot and Pantaloon, and Josiah's case adds little to the venerable tragi-comedy.

"White Wings" and "The Tablets of the House of Li" teeter perilously on the edge of mawkishness. Each deals with the devoted gratitude of the Chinese toward white men who have saved them from terrible danger. "White Wings" concerns a comical little hunchback who dogs the footsteps of a gallant sailor. That one is a love story, and at the very last Mr. Burke undertakes to convince the reader that the grotesque dwarf was no mundane creature at all, but a being of vague, mystical import. This sort of thing is too easy. It leaves a sense of cheating. A similar facility appears in "The Tablets of the House of Li."

"Crash!" and "Adventure" are alternate aspects of that device of escape from uncongenial surroundings which may be called the compensatory mechanism. The second is the more natural and acceptable of the two. "Crash!" concerns a young man who pitched his love, unhappily for him, among the securities of the lower middle class, with its rigid caste of manners and its two thousand pounds a year and its three servants. His reaction is toward that embittered attitude of "I'll show 'em." Mr. Burke sends his character to America and brings him back as the most celebrated comedian in the world. He catches sight of the girl and is prepared to condascend to her when she "high-hats" him with her supercilious eyebrows and brings him tumbling down to his proper station. "Adventure" concerns a middle-aged clerk. It reveals how a marvelous happening, which was actually avoided with might and main and breathless running, is dressed up as an anecdote of danger and daring, for the purposes of reminiscence. It is a delightful bit.

"The Top of the Stairs" fills a structure of horror, which might have been devised by W. W. Jacobs, with an authentic and much more thrilling subjective content. The full import of the story does not dawn until some time after the last sentence has been read. It deals with a curious mixed household: a widow with a lovely 17-year-old daughter, and a widower with a much younger and an idolized daughter. Mr. Burke throws the emphasis upon the stepmother and the man's daughter, who represents those years which can never be shared by the second and intruding wife. When the accent is suddenly and unexpectedly shifted to the other side of the house, there is a swiftly compressed and eminently fitting dénouement. It is a little gem of a story.

Mr. Burke has achieved notable narrative in "Dow," "The Purse" and "Johnny." "Dow," in particular, is an interesting, if not entirely acceptable, version of the dilemma of the halfbreed who is more white than colored in skin and aspiration. The final scene, where Dow runs amuck with an axe, is a gorgeous bit of fiercely colored reversion to primitive emotion and action, but it is apt to leave a sense of theatricality.

Some of the dozen stories fall below the standard of Mr. Burke's "Limehouse Nights." "The Top of the Stairs" and the stories which were mentioned just previously rise far above anything that Mr. Burke has previously done. At his best he is adept at uncovering with reticent, concluding sentences, an emotional turmoil which his skillful evocations unobtrusively have prepared. At his worst he is guilty of strained, overreaching language and of forced, sentimentalized effects. "East of Mansion House," on the whole, is romance vitalized with authentic energy.

Two Studies of the French Revolution

***PARIS IN THE REVOLUTION.** By G. Lenotre. New York: Brentano's. $4.50.*

***PIONEERS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.** By M. Roustan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4.*

By HOWARD DEVREE

EVER since the outbreak of the World War the man in the street, mythical and helpful person that he is, has been so assailed by history that there is grave doubt if any one has escaped unscathed. Not only has the production of historical works proper become tremendously more prolific, but the novel, the pulpit, the press, magazines, the stage and the movies, lecture platforms and even advertising have one and all bristled with historical fact, speculation or controversy. The war was but the starting point of the deluge. Every period of history has been restated and reinterpreted. Side issues of the war have added to the cumulative effect—snowball-like—until the ever-widening circle now gives no sign of stopping. Dethronements and revolutions and other by-products of the war have done their part and are reflected in the growing volume of the historical flood.

One of the periods thus coming in for renewed interest is that of the French Revolution. Certain similarities in the world situation and in the domestic politics of several countries at the present time were either foreshadowed by or are likened to that stormy period, and volumes on various phases of those sanguinary years continue to multiply. Two of these which throw considerable light on the period—and one throws at least a reflected light upon our own day—have just been made available in English. Two volumes more different in style, purpose and approach are hardly conceivable. And so, since they deal in a measure with common material and bring light to a common problem, they are complementary and even in a special sense supplementary works.

Even when he reaches the subject of the September massacres M. Lenotre departs radically from the accepted demands of popular history. He gives no stories of heroic struggles and high deeds from the books of legend and romance. He relates rather the manner in which the Abbé Salomon, almost alone of the many ecclesiastics with whom he was imprisoned, escaped death. And he dwells on the good churchman's extreme fright. Bloody scenes there are in plenty, but they are quite incidental to the writer's purpose. He is very much more interested in the location and the description of prisons and other buildings than in the scenes of violence. The costumes and manners of the people are pointed out and the furniture of their rooms described. Of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette he records what articles of clothing she had with her in prison, and what deductions as to her treatment are to be made from the richness of her apparel and the food which was served to her.

M. Lenotre's volume—of which H. Noel Williams has done a spirited translation—is delightful for the casual reader. It may be especially commended to readers who have in mind a general outline of facts and wish to fill in that outline with detailed homely information. But it must not be surmised from the statement that its author is so meticulously careful and detailed that the work is even for a moment dull. M. Lenotre neither tilts at accepted theories nor sets up new ones. He is simply and largely interested in aspects of the Revolution which are, ordinarily, not called to the attention of the reader. His work thus possesses a novel and entertaining interest.

M. Roustan's work "Les Philosophes et la Société Française au XVIIIme Siècle," of which the present English version is a slightly abridged edition, has had great and growing influence on French thought. Mr. Laski in his introduction forcefully makes a point about it which is pregnant with meaning for our own time:

> Explanation of the Revolution * * * shows that its roots are to be discovered not in the malignant conspiracy of a few wicked men but in the ultimate nature of the ancient régime. That, English readers must be reminded, was Burke's own view. Popular violence, as he pointed out, is always due to popular suffering. It has been the hypothesis of a whole school of contemporary writers that this is untrue, and that 1789 was the work of a gang of conspirators with their hands in every disruptive event. The theory of a hidden hand is popular enough in our own time, but until M. Roustan's serried mass of facts has been overthrown, it is in this context as unproven as it is unnecessary.

M. Roustan in turn treats of the relation of the philosophers to the King and the royal family, favorites and nobles; their relationship to the financiers and magistrates, and the part they played in the salons of the time; how they affected the bourgeoisie; and lastly the manner in which their precepts filtered through and reached the people, and what effect their theories had in rousing the people to assert themselves. It is like a clinical study in psychology, showing the entire procedure from outer stimulus to action, with the whole of French society of the time under the microscope while its nervous system is being observed and changes noted.

But M. Roustan is too big a person to have written a dry chronicle of a theory and its slow course in transition into action. His work is full of personalities. He defends the du Barry from the charge of being a devious-minded marplot by proving that she was simple, unaffected, frank to excess, and anything but discreet or intriguing: "She, in the presence of the King and a notary, leaped from bed stark naked and was handed her slippers, one by the Papal Nuncio and the other by the Grand Almoner of France."

One of M. Roustan's most interesting recitals is of the emergence of men of wealth and their slow rise to social acceptance and recognition in the salons of the period.

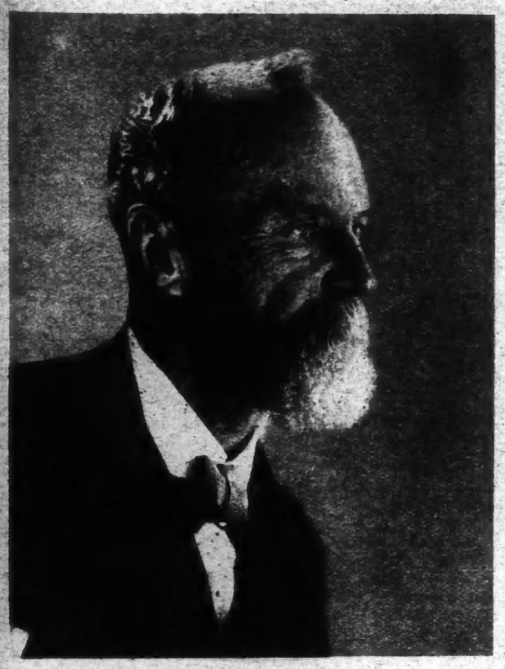
The upshot of M. Roustan's argument is that the philosophers, making headway slowly against the dogmas of the Church and in part against the State—for their economic theories were accepted as douriy by the nobles as their speculative thinking was accepted by the theologians—finally piled up such a mass of fearless and rational speculation on the constitution of society and the universe that they placed at the disposal of the next generation a huge body of propaganda, indispensable to the success of the Revolution.

But the treatise of M. Roustan should not be regarded as a heavy work to be pored over and pondered. It is of greatest interest for the average reader in its wealth of quotation from contemporaries of the philosophers and from the dramatic picture it presents of those worthies in all the various walks of life, from favorites of the King to the humble—going their way through French society of the middle of the eighteenth century until it was honeycombed with their wit and their spirit of inquiry and their satire: gayly, though they knew it not, paving the way for the overthrow of the whole old régime, and by thrusts of irony making incisions in the body politic through which, at a date not much later, ran much blood.

M. Roustan's work is profound for the student, but it may be read as one reads a magazine nowadays, without pondering the issues, but with great delight and much amusement. And it more than repays reading, and reading again.

Even Philosophy May Now Be Comprehended

From Socrates to John Dewey in a Lucid Exposition Agreeable to Read



William James.

From a Photograph by Alice Boughton, New York.

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY. By Will Durant, Ph. D. 577 pp. New York: Simon & Schuster. $5.

IT is now possible for every one to be something of a philosopher —or at all events to understand philosophy. Professor Durant is one of those few but priceless mortals who possess the art of setting forth knowledge, even the most abstruse, in a manner and with a lucidity that conveys to ordinary mortals the convictions that it originates with human beings. Genius does not terrify him. On the contrary, it performs its proper function and stimulates him to greater brilliancy and ease. Reading his book we feel that Dr. Durant, like the late William James, is virtually the ideal of an educated man. So lightly and gracefully does his knowledge sit upon him that, instead of crushing, it humanizes him. Then, in turn, he humanizes it, to our great joy and profit.

Those of us who had the good fortune to sit as students under Professors James, Palmer, Royce and Santayana will remember that all those gentlemen in varying degrees possessed the power of humanizing knowledge. Those undergraduates who were not asleep, or who were not reading comic papers during the lectures, often carried away an appreciable amount of knowledge. Since then, however, we have come to believe that the teaching of philosophy in America has suffered eclipse—that no such galaxy of teachers will ever again star in an American university; that our offspring will have to labor under lesser or poorer men.

Now comes Dr. Durant's book and it makes us envious. It seems to make it unnecessary to attend lectures at all. It takes the place of lecturer and notebook and textbook, too. While he who runs may not read a book of 577 pages, he who sits can certainly read it in a few evenings. What is more, he can reread it with profit and delight. For, astonishingly, Dr. Durant writes like a competent writer, not like a German philosopher. The old textbooks, the Paulsens and the Windelbands—they seem documents by comparison. Dr. Durant's book is decidedly not a document, except in its rigorous accuracy. For the rest it is a delight.

To tell the story of philosophy from Socrates to John Dewey in a single manageable volume is no ordinary undertaking. Yet this is what Dr. Durant does, though in a manner somewhat different from the textbooks we have been accustomed to. To some of the pre-Socratic physical philosophers he refers merely by the way. He selects and omits all the useless luggage he can spare. He does not linger long, for instance, on Zeno the Eleatic. The phrase "panta rhei," which even the most ignorant of undergraduates was able to repeat, is absent from these unpedantic pages. Nor does even the puzzle of the hare and the tortoise make its appearance here. With a brief introduction that is a good-humored apologia for philosophy in our latter-day preoccupation with progress, he turns at once to Socrates and to Plato as the systematizer and mouthpiece of the Socratic philosophy.

Men grew bold enough [he tells us] to attempt natural explanations of processes and events before attributed to supernatural agencies and powers; magic and ritual slowly gave way to science and control; and philosophy began.

Without rigidity, Dr. Durant pursues a definite scheme in treating of the different philosophers. He tells us first something about the man as a human being, his origin, environment and the conditions under which he lived. Then he analyzes and sets forth the gist of his philosophy. And in this particular, which is, after all, the burden of the book, its author has developed an uncanny skill. His quotations, seldom longer than a page and generally a paragraph, a sentence or even a phrase, are chosen in so masterly a fashion that all the philosophers seem to be writing Dr. Durant's book; or else he seems to be the author of their philosophies. Dr. Jowett was credited with making Plato speak English. In the present book even the most cloudy of Teutons speaks English. Lastly, and firmly, he gives a definite criticism and interpretation of the philosopher under consideration, a summary of his achievement, his place in the hierarchy, his value and his influence upon human thought.

Since most of Socrates is contained in the writings of Plato, he naturally confines his first section largely to Plato. The death of Socrates led Plato "to a Catonic resolve that democracy must be destroyed, to be replaced by the rule of the wisest and the best." "It became," he adds, "the absorbing problem of his life to find a method whereby the wisest and the best might be discovered, and then enabled and persuaded to rule." The analysis of the "Republic" in a few pages is one of the many tours de force in this book. Any one reading it can carry away a definite notion of that first and most remarkable of Utopias. Plato concludes what nearly all philosophers after him conclude—that the world must be ruled by philosophers. Plato called them guardians. Later writers, like Nietzsche, called them philosopher-kings. They are all strangely human, these thinkers. No wonder good Rotarians have been heard to talk of Henry Ford for President and a sound business administration. Even Dr. Durant himself proves that he is a philosopher by sketching a method whereby we might train certain of our citizens for rule and statesmanship:

> We might establish departments of political science and administration in our universities; and when these departments have begun to function adequately we might make men ineligible for nomination to political office unless they were graduates of such political schools. We might even make every man eligible for an office who had been trained for it, and thereby eliminate entirely that complex system of nominations in which the corruption of our democracy has its seat.

Though impartial and scholarly so long as he is setting forth a thinker's philosophy, Dr. Durant never leaves us in doubt where he himself stands. Of Aristotle he says:

> His motto is nil admirar: to admire and marvel at nothing; and we hesitate to violate his motto in his case. We miss in him the reforming zeal of Plato, the angry love of humanity which made the great idealist denounce his fellowmen.

The vast period from Aristotle to the Renaissance the author covers in some eight or nine pages. He gives little space to Stoic and Epicurean, and none at all to neo-Platonism. It seems somewhat odd to read of Epicurus and Epictetus and Lucretius under the general heading "Francis Bacon."

However, since Bacon was the first great force in philosophy since Aristotle, and since there is no room in a limited volume for offshoots, Dr. Durant abridges ruthlessly at this point, just as late he slights the epistemologists, whom he considers so many clouds obscuring the shining face of philosophy proper. It is easy to make Bacon speak in his own words; indeed, it is impossible to do otherwise. What can be more pithy than a Baconian essay? Dr. Durant's conviction is firm that philosophy must be combined with life. He fastens upon such phrases as Bacon's "Men ought to know that in the theatre of human life it is only for gods and angels to be spectators." The immense debt of all modern thought and science to Bacon is pointed out with especial clarity and cogency, and the author finds room even to show conclusively how absurd it is for any one to suppose that Bacon could have written Shakespeare's plays.

The longest chapter in the book is devoted to Spinoza, upon whom the author dwells with peculiar affection and tenderness. "Nietzsche says somewhere that the last Christian died upon the cross. He had forgotten Spinoza." His quotation represents Dr. Durant's attitude to Spinoza. In his review of Spinoza's "Ethics" and the different systems of ethics that contributed to it—those of Buddha and Jesus, of Machiavelli and Nietzsche, and, finally, the ethic of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle—the author observes.

> "To be a philosopher one must first be a Spinozist." And apparently Dr. Durant's own feeling is expressed in the closing words of the section, spoken in 1882 by Renan upon the occasion of the unveiling of a statue to Spinoza at The Hague:
>
> Woe to him who in passing should hurl an insult at this gentle and passive head. He would be punished as all vulgar souls are punished by his very vulgarity and by his incapacity to conceive what is divine.

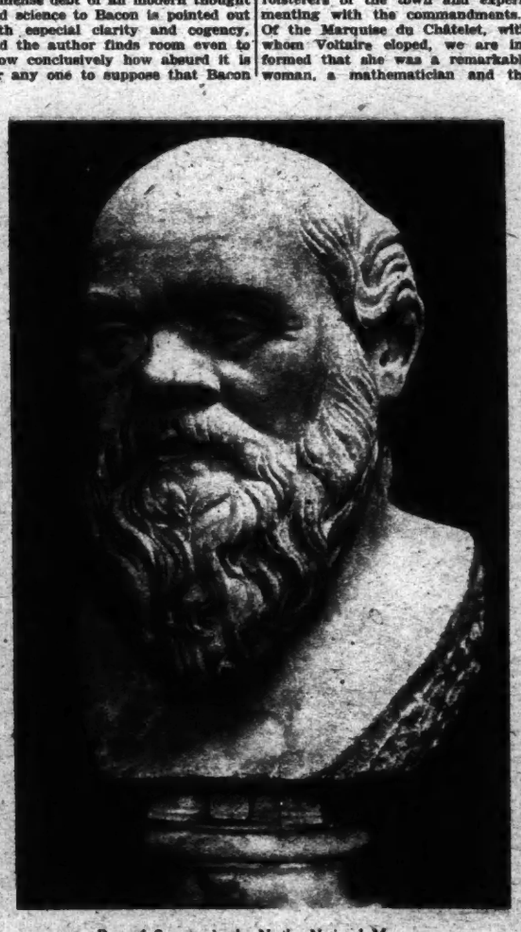
In the vivid brilliant sketch of Voltaire Dr. Durant shows himself as a biographer with something of the gifts of Mr. Lytton Strachey. All the flash and brilliance of Voltaire's wit are reflected in these few pages; nor is an epitome of his wisdom wanting. We do not know whether Dr. Durant has read all the ninety-nine volumes of Voltaire's works. But reading this sketch we come to believe that he has. He never loses sight of the lighter side, if any, in the lives of his philosophers. When Voltaire took to literature, we are told, after his father had warned him he would die of hunger, "he burned the midnight oil—of others. He took to staying out late, frolicking with the wits and roisterers of the town and experimenting with the commandments." Of the Marquise du Châtelet, with whom Voltaire eloped, we are informed that she was a remarkable woman, a mathematician and the learned translator and annotator of Newton's "Principia"—"in short, she was precisely the kind of woman who never elopes;" just as earlier he tells us how Spinoza studied Latin with van den Ende's pretty daughter, adding, "even a modern collegian might be persuaded to study Latin by such inducements." That young lady subsequently jilted Spinoza and "no doubt it was at that moment that our hero became a philosopher." Further, Spinoza at first taught children and later polished lenses, "as if he had an inclination for dealing with refractory material." The glint of humor is scattered passim throughout the book. But it never intereferes; on the contrary, it illumines the solid substantial texture of the volume.

He may tell us that Immanuel Kant "thought out everything carefully before acting and therefore remained a bachelor all his life long," but for all that, no better brief exposition of the Königsberg philosopher's work has been written. The present reviewer remembers when, at the instance of Professor Santayana's assistant, he was compelled to write a thesis upon the "Critique of Pure Reason." How much purer would have been the reason had this book then existed! Enviable collegians who will have this volume as a textbook! Though, can it be that it is too good, too bright and clear for a textbook? There used to be such a faith in the ponderous, and how many teachers still believe in the profundity of dullness! Still, Dr. Durant himself is a teacher, so perhaps the clouds are gradually lifting. He can give us a lucid and seemingly sympathetic account of Schopenhauer's pessimism, and yet conclude quite simply that a medical diagnosis in his case was more necessary than a philosopher's. His wide knowledge of letters, as well as of his own subject, brings that refreshment to the general reader that was so notable in the writing of William James. With all his scholarship he has the true gift of the popularizer. He points out to us the many childish inconsistencies of the Spencerian philosophy, but this does not blind him to the true greatness of Spencer's achievement. And do we know, for example, that Nietzsche infallibly predicted the late war, or that he said "the present-day Prussian is one of the most dangerous enemies of culture"?

All of these, as well as Bergson, Benedetto Croce, Bertrand Russell, George Santayana, William James and John Dewey pass in review before the reader. The author's own point of view and commentary are not the least notable element in the book. His concluding words are especially stimulating and encouraging.

> No doubt [he says] the disorder of our souls is due to the rapidity of our development. We are like youths disturbed and unbalanced, for a time, by the sudden growth and experiences of puberty. But soon our maturity will come; our minds will catch up with our bodies, our culture with our possessions. Perhaps there are, greater souls than Shakespeare's and greater minds than Plato's waiting to be born. When we have learned to reverence liberty as well as wealth, we, too shall have our Renaissance.

Recently two such different critics of life as Georg Brandes and H. G. Wells have been predicting the same thing for us. I have called this book a crystallization of knowledge and would remind the reader that of late we seem to be rather happy and prolific in these crystallizations: Robinson's "Mind in the Making," Van Loon's "Story of Mankind," Macy's "Story of the World's Literature," Dorsey's "Why We Behave as Human Beings," and now this "Story of Philosophy." Some might argue that crystallization in knowledge, as well as in the arts, points to a confirmation of Spengler's theory of the decline of Western civilization. But somehow one feels confident that men like Dr. Durant would think of such crystallizations (to mix the figure) rather as springboards—pour mieux sauter.



Bust of Socrates in the Naples National Museum.

England's Years of Economic Ferment After Waterloo

Professor Halevy Applies Gallic Logic to Post-Napoleonic Britain

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, 1815-1830. By Elie Halévy. Translated from the French by E. I. Watkin. 306 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $5.

HISTORY, indispensable though it be, fascinating though it be in the hands of a genuine craftsman, is full of pouts and prejudices. Its pages are littered with shifting verdicts, inspired too often by national or regional vanity or by partisan astigmatism. It is an indictment of long standing that the majority of the historians of each nation seem unable to write of their own brethren with the sense of detachment which is obviously necessary if they are to satisfy judicious readers. In the flood of the newer historical literature, with its vision into broader fields, the old blight of propaganda is far too much in evidence.

Hence the phenomenon of the outsider who sees better than the insider, the observer from abroad who gives a people now and then a view of itself which it recognizes as in many ways superior to the home product. Americans are not strangers to this. Older generations which gave eager welcome to the interpretations of their political institutions by De Tocqueville and Bryce were in no different mood from those of our own time who accord high place to the contributions of Sir George Trevelyan and Lord Charnwood on such explosive subjects as the Revolution and the Civil War.

The French mind, with its powers of philosophic observation and logical inference, has given striking proofs in the past of its capacity to comprehend other peoples and their works. The clarity of De Tocqueville's view of the American system of government was no greater than that shown by Taine in his monumental symposium on English literature. The same Gallic insight is in evidence to a conspicuous degree in the work of Elie Halévy on the England of 1815-1830, now offered in translation, the second volume of his "History of the English People in the Nineteenth Century."

M. Halévy, not having fallen at birth into either of the Gilbertian designations of a little Liberal or a little Conservative, has felt free to look straight at the good and bad in every politician and political element that was active in England in the days of ferment which followed the Napoleonic wars. On the whole, his views are charitable, but they never seem to lack candor and penetration, and they even show a trace of the sardonic at times. His audacity in attempting to comprehend the intricacies of almost innumerable currents which flowed below the surface of things in early nineteenth century England is no less remarkable than his skill in presenting the fruits of his comprehension. His history is a search for causes, a delving into the workings of the popular mind at a time when little by little the force of public opinion was wringing from reluctant statesmen a definite adjustment to the new ascendancy of liberal thought which followed the collapse of the absolutism of George III.

M. Halévy, as in his first volume, which ended with Waterloo, chooses for his field the political, economic, moral and religious development of the people of whom he writes, avoiding the social phase and all that it implies. His chief emphasis is perhaps on the economic, as befits the period covered, for the rise of modern industrialism affected the nation in almost every fibre of its structure. Weary with wars, burdened with a debt which seemed too great to pay, the people of England were faced by the task of economic recovery, which the changing balance between agriculture and manufacturing made exceptionally difficult. If the price of food was high, the farmer prospered and the wage earner was pinched. If it was low, the workers in the factories gained the benefit and the tenants of the landed gentry confronted ruin.

The Cabinets were beset with pleas from each side, and had they not been able to manipulate Parliaments in which representation was very unevenly distributed the threats of revolution which were openly voiced might have amounted to more than sound and fury. The tricolor of green, white and red, emblem of the "future British republic," was openly flaunted at public meetings. Coercive laws and reviving prosperity helped to still the tumult.

All this in its main outlines is a familiar story, but as told by M. Halévy it is worth rereading now in the light of Great Britain's struggle to throw off another Old Man of the Sea who leaped on her shoulders one hundred years later. Indeed, it is the story of every nation which courageously grapples with the manifold problems left by a costly war, and particularly of every nation that is strong and highly organized economically, as is the United States today. There was the same loud outcry against taxation which seemed to go beyond the limits of strict necessity, the same demand to abolish surplus offices and cut down expenditures for armaments, the same calls for the passage of laws that would rescue the farmer from the slough of low prices and other laws that would give the manufacturer a freer hand in marketing his products at favorable rates. The processes of statesmanship in meeting these demands were the same then as they appear to be now, temporizing with one situation after another until the recuperation of an exhausted world brought the prosperity which was a salve for many ills.

If the England of those times was less submissive to heavy sacrifices imposed than the England of a century later, it must be admitted that its difficulties were magnified by the legacy of archaic laws which galled the people and which a reviving public conscience found it intolerable to endure much longer. The sense of political wrong always becomes acute in periods of economic stress, and one by one the ancient penal laws, the poor laws, the narrowing of the franchise, the repressions on religion and many other relics of outworn conditions were repealed or changed radically. With the Tories and the Whigs staggering under responsibilities which it was almost too much to expect them to meet adequately, the Liberals, whose party name had been adapted from a word used by Spanish revolutionists against Ferdinand, began to arise as a definite force.

M. Halévy, as a Frenchman, finds it difficult, apparently, to account for the comparative stability of England under shocks which in any Continental country would have been likely to produce actual revolution and which, as a matter of fact, did cause revolutions in a number of them then and subsequently. After his exceptionally careful study he advances the view—and this is a distinctly individual mark of his work—that the balance was supplied by the fervor and power of the evangelical religious bodies, whose numbers grew amazingly, and which interposed a barrier against the spread of Jacobinism in the classes which were most open to the temptations of the extremists.

He writes of the situation in 1821, after the calming of the fierce dissensions which centred around the trial of Queen Caroline:

> England had recovered its mental balance. The Wesleyan body, which for the first time in its history had suffered a setback in 1820, losing nearly 5,000 of its adherents in Great Britain, more than recovered its losses in 1821. Popular enthusiasm had returned to its traditional form, religious, not revolutionary. Lancashire, Cumberland and Cornwall were the theatre of successful revivals. In Cornwall in 1822 there were 2,000 conversions in a single fortnight.

In effect, this seems to be attributing to the leaders of religious bodies a greater influence than statesmen in tiding over the decades of extreme stress. There was a spiritual discipline which M. Halévy considers was more potent than political discipline. Obviously, this did not proceed from the Church of England, which, as the author remarks, "was content to tolerate what we may call without exaggeration religious anarchy." Still, the Established Church was on the side of the ruling classes, of law and order, and the fact that it attempted no repression enhanced its silent influence as a force for stability. Meanwhile the free churches "created an atmosphere in which the two mighty watchwords, revolution and reaction, were emptied of all their significance." Violence was discountenanced in the dissenters' meeting house and religious solace for material ills was offered.

While M. Halévy is chiefly concerned about the wavering of the economic situation in the years which were giving birth to the movement for free trade, he does not fail to set down in clear perspective the fluctuations in foreign policy at a time when England maintained the peace which she needed so sorely. Castlereagh sat with the Emperors of Austria and Russia and the King of Prussia in Continental adjustments, and Canning was "calling the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old," as he said, encouraging the rise of the South American republics as a counter-stroke to French intervention in Spain, with the by-product of suggesting the germ of the Monroe Doctrine. Of Canning the author writes:

> An enemy of democracy, he believed that the traditional institutions of England left nothing to be desired; and just because they were so perfect, England was in a position alternately to teach democratic governments respect for tradition and despotic governments the principles of liberalism, as best suited her interest at the moment. No statesman could be more alien to the spirit of crusade and the propaganda of ideas. Nevertheless, the circumstances of time, which he had skillfully exploited, had clothed him with the garb of a cosmopolitan. His death was not mourned by the English people alone; it was felt as a bitter loss by Liberals and democrats throughout the world, for in Canning they mourned the man who broke the Holy Alliance.

The volume ends in 1830 with the steady rise of Peel to power after he had recanted on Catholic emancipation and introduced the bill for it with the backing of the Duke of Wellington, then Premier. George IV had just died and the little Princess Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Kent, had become the heir apparent.

M. Halévy freshens his treatment by the use of much contemporary material which is new to the reader and known, if at all, only to a few researchers. He has not quailed before the formidable task of searching the files of old newspapers, from which he draws, after a strictly modern fashion, much that is valuable both as to facts and color. His bibliographical footnotes are an admirable reinforcement to his text.

Market Day Outside the Old Red Lion at Greenwich. An Original Drawing by Rowlandson.

From "The English Inn Past and Present." By Harold Donaldson Eberlein, B. A. and A. E. Richardson, F. S. A. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

When Winter Came With a Vengeance

ICE AGES, RECENT AND ANCIENT. By A. P. Coleman. 286 pp. New York: MacMillan Company. $4.

MOST of us have heard of the glaciers which made the world so unpleasant to live in a hundred thousand years ago, but very few can do more than point out a lumpy bit of pasture land which may have been a moraine, or remark that a misused looking piece of granite must have had an encounter with the ice age. For those who live in the Northern half of this country a short study of the ancient glaciers would provide some fascinating information about the characteristic land formation. How many know, for instance, that Cape Cod is where the Labrador Glacier dumped its debris into the sea, or that Mount Washington, the highest peak in the East, was covered by the icesheet.

As a matter of fact there were quite a number of Ice Ages. They came and went with tremendous rapidity, as time is measured by the geologists. And Professor Coleman offers the startling thought that we are now living at the tail end of an Ice Age which has only half passed away. With great areas in Greenland and Antarctica covered still, it is quite possible that the glaciers at their greatest extension covered not more than twice the present surface. And if the reader doesn't believe that the glaciers influence the modern climate, let him go swimming sometime off the coast of Maine where the temperature of the ocean is controlled by the Labrador current sweeping down from Greenland. Perhaps in another 50,000 years, when the ice has receded a little farther, we shall have hippopotami roaming the Bronx and sharks cruising off the Battery.

This volume of Professor Coleman's, however, is a pretty ambitious book for the layman. It is intended as a standard work and a clearing house for all information on the subject. The author supports every conclusion with copious references to other equally learned works. There isn't a bit of sympathy for the reader who would like to read up on the matter without much effort. In fact the average layman will be scared away as soon as he encounters such wierd forms as "eskers," "kames," "nonatucks," "monadnocks" and "Pleistocene variations."

PERFECT GENTLEMAN BURNS COMPROMISING LETTERS

Francois de Bassompierre Rose Before Daybreak and Foreseeing That, if He Were Sent to the Bastile, His House Would Be Searched, Burned More Than 6,000 Love Letters.

"Tom Fool" and Other Recent Works of Fiction

TOM FOOL. By F. Tennyson Jesse. 288 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THIS graceful and colorful writer—F. Tenpyson Jesse, the grandchild of Alfred Tennyson—has joined in the production of "Tom Fool" the seagoing school of romantic realists. It is in the Conrad tradition. It has the spirit of going down to seas in ships and is observed with minute detail. This accumulation of detail has been set down in a method that is both delicate and robust in its impressionism. For Miss Jesse in recording—with her feeling for the lovely word—the beauty of ships bending before the wind in full sail, also includes in her picture the brutality and ugly aspects that attend the service of the sea.

"Tom Fool" begins back in the days of Victoria. It begins with the glory of the clipper ships and ends with the menacing popularity of steam and steel ships. In this it is remote and quaintly charming. The emigration of idle and surplus population in England to Australia was hastened by the shutting down of cotton mills due to the blockade of our Civil War. So the family of Tom Fould was going to Australia, carrying as much of their belongings as was possible. In the departure of the Foulds and the journey of the Mary Prosper to the Pacific there is the engrossing spectacle of an expanding nation moving into a new country.

Tom Fould was a sensitive boy of an inquisitive and dreamy nature. On the trip to Australia he found his life-work. Henceforth the alluring mystery of the sea was to be his mistress and the fate of ships his destiny. His appealing personality brought him helpful and attractive friends. It helped him to get his start after the family was securely settled in Australia and his presence was no longer needed. He then shipped as a seaman on the brig-rigged Berinthia and was off on his own. Here he found the sensations to quicken the pulse of life and satisfy the demands of his high-spirited nature.

He had really a genius for friendship. "People noticed him, wanted to help him to get what he wanted, to give him things. * * * He'd always been aware of that, without definitely admitting it to himself. * * *" His reckless daring fixed upon him the name, among the seafaring, of Tom Fool. But he isn't a character of heroics—quite far removed—for his motives were the opposite of the romantic idea—and sprung from fear. His sensitiveness reacted sharply from cruelty and pain. The sports of seaports revolted him for years until he found a new beauty that he hadn't understood before—a thing of and alien to carnality.

Slowly, subtly through the consciousness of Tom's vital inner life, played against the events of the sea, his story unrolls with a compelling surge. Women—except for his very lovable mother—were wraiths that slipped in and out of his memory with a detached and ghostly appeal. Then came Jennifer. A strange, wistful, competent woman, going a solitary way, feeling a deep affection for the fertility of the earth and an antipathy for the sea. To them both came an abiding attraction. Tom was frustrated. They both groped to find themselves. Finally their repressed, stumbling ways brought them to love and a swift, poignant travail.

"Tom Fool" is a novel fused with a fine imagination. It is colored with the glamour of the diverse ports of call, scattered about the world, for a background to an intense and dramatic conflict that is the inward life of Tom. It has the stimulating insight of poetic vision. It has a dreamy grace and the inferno of a man's soul that is constantly on the rack. It is austere of manner and yet a passionate tale. It has visualized an individual man and set him down in entirety. In the projection of this character "Tom Fool" stands superior to romantic fiction. Here has been presented a latent poet who couldn't escape his own personality. A curious, impalpable, shy and alluring novel, this "Tom Fool," that will haunt your imagination and color your fancy with its feeling when many things of import have come and gone and been forgot.

A SHROPSHIRE LASS

PRECIOUS BANE. By Mary Webb. 356 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

MARY WEBB'S new story "Precious Bane," dealing as it does with the rural England of a century and more ago, stands away and apart from the great mass of present-day fiction in this genre. So much of this deliberate endeavor to recreate an earlier scene consists merely in putting stock characters in old-fashioned costumes. The flounces and furbelows may be the trappings of the '70s, but the voice is the voice of 1926. But Mary Webb succeeds where others fail, for the reason that she knows whereof she writes. She has steeped herself in her chosen period and in her chosen section of the country. She knows the folk-ways of her beloved Shropshire; she knows its legends and old stories. As a result her pages pulsate with a rare vitality; her characters have had breathed into them the very breath of life. "The past is only the present become invisible and mute," she writes in her foreword. "And because it is invisible and mute, its memoried glances and its murmurs are infinitely precious." This precept stands not only in her preface. It permeates each successive page.

The story gets its philosophy and its cryptic title from the Miltonic couplet: "Let none admire that gold is found in hell; such soil may best afford the precious bane." The author takes as her narrator a farm woman of the district of the Shropshire meres, with a long yeoman tradition behind her. She boasts a literacy and education that few gentlewomen of her shire and time could claim. She boasts, moreover, something of the soul of the poet, and her simple, yet at times acutely penetrating, narrative is shot through with a sensitive appreciation of natural beauty in its manifold workings. Prudence Sarn, who tells the tale in the first person singular, has unusual individuality. She focuses the reader's interest on her brother and deliberately keeps in the background. Yet, as the tale ends, the reader becomes conscious that "Precious Bane" chronicles the story not of Gideon but of Prudence Sarn. While set in the days of the homely crafts, before the industrial revolution transferred the looms from cottages to the factories, the story has the air of timelessness. The author gives something of a clue for this trait; it is because the things of which she writes find their deep roots in the Shropshire loam. "There is a permanence, a continuity in country life which makes the lapse of centuries seem of little moment."

In the character of young Sarn Mary Webb pictures at once the strength and the weakness of the individualistic attitude toward life. Young Sarn's tragedy is the rise and downfall of one who lives unto himself alone. In its insistence on the inevitable, its tacit acceptance of the preordained, the story strikes the epic note. Yet about the homely English scenes here revitalized, one senses little or nothing of the dour darkness that characterizes the Scandinavian literary treatment of such themes. And for all this the good sense, the good humor and the powers of the poetic and the picturesque with which the author endows Prudence Sarn stand out as the foremost reason.

They are, in fact, the novel's chief distinction. The charm of Mary Webb's prose in this instance consists not merely in its antique flavor, its re-echoing of the "swift silken noise of the flung shuttle," but in the genuine beauty of its imagery. The quality of the imagination which the author attributes to her heroine, has a rare loveliness. It is Spring, and she hears the blackbirds along with the thrushes and willow-wrens and the linnets:

> When they were a long way off you could scarcely disentangle them from all the other birds. * * * It was a weaving of many threads with one master-thread of clear gold. * * * I thought, maybe, love was like that—a lot of colored threads and one master-thread of pure gold.

Prue is equally happy in her little descriptive asides. Thus her timid, frail little mother had a "married-all-over look." Jancis, the beauty of the village, the only thing besides ambition that young Sarn ever loved, had "golden hair, and all the shadows on her face seemed to be stained with the pale color of it." It was as if "the light gathered round her." But excerpts barely indicate the wealth and color of the book's fabric, the artistry with which the whole novel has been conceived and carried out. Even for the haphazard reader, "Precious Bane" would have the interest that always attaches to well-knit narrative writing. But the discerning will see more in it than a well-told tale. They will cherish it for the calibre of mind and spirit it discloses. On some bookshelves, we feel sure, "Precious Bane" will find almost a hallowed place.

"STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS"

MR. MOFFATT. By Chester Francis Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

A FEW years ago the so-called "stream of consciousness" method was occupying, if not a very extensive, certainly a very prominent, place in fiction. So very prominent a place, indeed, that some even questioned whether this "new" way of setting down, not the selected, but all the thoughts, incoherent, chaotic, but revealing, which passed through the mind of some one individual, might not be destined entirely to supersede the customary form of narrative. It had, of course, been used by certain of the older writers, but only briefly and as an auxiliary instrument especially suited for moments of great mental distress, not for an entire volume, or series of volumes, since the telling of a story or presentation of a character by setting down every thought which during some given period flowed through the brain of an individual was likely to require an inordinate number of words and pages.

It is this same stream of consciousness method which Chester Francis Cobb has employed for the greater part of what is apparently his first novel, "Mr. Moffatt." Related in the ordinary, part narrative, part dialogue form, the novel would be scarcely more than a short story, instead of a full-length book. But at the cost of some fatigue to the reader, the author has succeeded in giving a detailed, and except at the very end, convincing presentation of the thoughts and feelings of an average, commonplace man, weak, undecided, affectionate, but shy of expressing affection. First we have the thoughts and feeling of his ordinary, everyday existence; then the day-dreams of ease and riches and admiration which for a little while seem about to be realized, and then comes his time of trial and calamity, when one after another all the things which made up his life are taken from him, and he is stripped of all the "elaborate beliefs" which had shaltered him from realities.

John Moffatt was a chemist, or, as we of the United States call it, a druggist, proprietor of a little shop in Sydney, New South Wales. He has a sweet and devoted wife, Florence, whom he dearly loves. His only son died at Gallipoli, but he has a daughter, ironically named Naomi, a most unpleasant young woman, who wins and retains the reader's unadulterated dislike. Accident brings hope of possible wealth in the shape of a picture, which may—or may not—prove a genuine Vermeer, and for a little while Mr. Moffatt has visions of retiring on a comfortable income, and traveling around the world. These presently vanish, leaving him poorer than before; the opening of one of a series of chain stores, the "Blue Band Pharmacies, Limited," ruins his business; his wife dies; his daughter departs to distant Adelaide, where she has an opportunity to carry out her ideas of serving "this great orphan humanity"—from a lecture platform—cheerfully assuring her father that it will probably be "ages and ages" before they meet again, and that he mustn't expect a letter from her for a long while, though she will try to remember to send him a postal card. Even the stupid errand-boy Mr. Moffatt had trusted fails him utterly.

Then in his desolation Mr. Moffatt turns for help and comfort to the Church, and has an interview with his rector, Mr. Hotchings. But when Mr. Moffatt asks: "You do believe that we are sinners and that God's anger with us could only be appeased by His Son dying on the cross?" the rector declares such a belief "very childish—it's barbaric." Mr. Moffatt insists upon knowing what he does believe, and the rector admits his inability to tell him: "We're groping. * * * The true teaching has been lost. * * * What we've got is a crude idea that nobody can really believe in." But the book does not end on this note of negation, for Mr. Moffatt at last finds a philosophy of his own, which enables him to face the future bravely; but it is a philosophy which to the reader seems somewhat beyond the worthy chemist's scope.

A DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

THE DOCTOR'S WOOING. By Charles Phillips. 320 pp. New York: The Devin-Adair Company.

"THE DOCTOR'S WOOING" strikes a level far below that where truth and reality reside, but certainly far above that of most romantic fiction, evident though it is that Mr. Phillips belongs heart and soul with the romantic school. In contrast to the hastily written and badly told stories which clutter the market aiming to tell—if nothing more—a good story, "The Doctor's Wooing" shows the utmost clearness and smoothness of narrative and style. It is shapely work, it is interesting work in spite of its hackneyed components, and in spite of some sentimental heroics, free from the worst traits of sentimental writing.

Yet how much better it could be! All the old tricks of the trade are here: the old stand-bys that bring about "conflict"; the ideals, the moral issues, the grapplings between one's worse and better self that

cause dilemmas; the tried-and-never-found-wanting devices that make for temporary misunderstandings. Not one is missing. And Mr. Phillips's publishers aid and abet such conventions with questions like these on the dust-cover: "Is a doctor ever justified in permitting a patient to die?" "How much of a man's 'past' must he reveal to the girl he would marry?" "May a man, to save the girl he loves from a scamp, quietly let him drown?"

After reading words so unprepossessing as these one does not begin the book with high hopes. Mr. Phillips's technical proficiency comes as something of a pleasant surprise; it is much to read smooth and graceful, if at no time distinguished prose; to find the straightforwardness of Mr. Phillips's manner softening the sugared fictitiousness of his theme; to find a writer who can render a foreigner's imperfect English without exaggerations. This gift on the part of the author gives a touch of reality to a heroine whose acts and thoughts are often absurd in the extreme.

The scene of "The Doctor's Wooing" is a small town in the Wisconsin wilds. There some years before had come an old Pole named Palisy, with his daughter, Rhona. At the opening of the story Palisy has just died and Rhona, left alone, is being importuned by the town tyrant, old Kruger, to sell him the land which for years her father had refused to sell. She refuses. In the village her only friend is a young doctor, Ben Hudson. But when the Montagu and Capulet theme is introduced in an early chapter she gets a second; Kruger's younger son, Dave, stamped with fewer family faults than his father or older brother, but nevertheless a young man with a very reprehensible past, begins to fall in love with her. Only then does Ben Hudson realize that, judging from his emotions, he must be in love with her, too.

But the story is more than a facile triangle story; there comes yet Dave Kruger's older brother, the knave of the piece. He does everything in his power to harm his brother and Rhona, not only to destroy their growing love affair, but also to blacken their characters. While he is coldly scheming to do them harm Ben Hudson is worried whether he must not, on principle, prevent Rhona from marrying a young man whose past is stained with shameful affairs and escapades. Despite the palpable nobility of Ben's character one is very glad to find Rhona at least showing affection for Dave. It is unnecessary as well as unfair to reveal too much of the latter part of "The Doctor's Wooing," with its succession of climaxes. Romance of this sort, no less than the realism of a Hardy or a Dostoievsky, follows a certain pattern of inevitability, hallowed in this case perhaps more by tradition than by art—but inevitability for all that. This story is no exception. Yet it is interesting, appealing, pleasant. The end is less important than the means. Very few people will get far into the book without realizing the trend it will take and the end it will reach; but in view of its good points, that need be no conclusive reason for them to lay it down.

MAD AS A HATTER

THE GREEN MAT. By Roger Abingdon. With introduction by Michael Arlen. 171 pp. W. Collins's Sons & Co., Ltd., London. $1.80.

"THE GREEN MAT," by Roger Abingdon, is a pasticcio, or, if you like, a pastiche of Mr. Michael Arlen's now famous best seller, "The Green Hat." The funniest thing about the book, probably, is Mr. Arlen's introduction. Besides that, the parody itself contains numerous funny quips and quibbles of a humorous turn and somewhat general nature, brought by Mr. Abingdon to bear more specifically upon the subject under the knife, and here and there a really illuminating satirization of "The Green Hat's" highly improbable heroine.

Idris Tempest, the heroine of this fiasco, had huge crème de menthe eyes, poor sweet, and, like her brother, wrote vers libre for The Little Review. She was a darling, this Idris, as Mr. Abingdon sees her. Frocks by Madeleine. Smiles by Pepsodent. Epigrams by Schnitzler out of the Smart Set. Manners by Lady Diana. Death by Misadventure.

Idris, the author gravely informs us, was Anywoman and Nowoman, the Preterit and the Imperfect. They and It. She sported a saucy little hat, did Idris, of a greenness that was felt. It drove her to crime, that hat; that and going to the movies, for she was always on the side of Los Angeles. Anyway, Mr. Abingdon's heroine is very charming, much as was the original, if a bit more extravagantly so, and, shall we say, more in the manner of our cubist's conceptions of character.

The author has no scruples about discussing the writing of the book with his heroine, and in doing so gets in some comic and good-natured swipes at Mr. Arlen's lonely, fascinating, though unlikely, heroine. For example, take the following conversation between Mr. Abingdon and Idris Tempest.

Mr. Abingdon: "If you went upstairs now to see Jerrold, there would be an opportunity for some poignant writing. I could make Jerrold drunk * * * in the book, I mean * * * then you could look at him pinkly over your shoulder and husk 'Jerrold'! He would be sprawled untidily over the table like a blot of ink, and he would moan, 'Oh, go to hell!' That would be very melodramatic."

Idris: "No, that would make a gallant lady of me, a noble, tragic figure. Then you would invent improbable misunderstandings and have me deeply misjudged. You would gloatingly tell how I looked without flinching at that inert mass that was Jerrold May.' Your very phrase, wouldn't it be?"

And so on through the book. At times Mr. Abingdon achieves genuine heights of clever satirization and buffoonery, at other times he becomes a little bit tiresome with his forced quips and cut-to-fit badinage. As a whole, however, the book is quite amusing and a rather commendable parody on the original extravaganza. Its chief purpose, however, as the publishers and Mr. Arlen suggest, is to introduce a new and promising writer to the public.

AN ARCH-KILLER

THE SILENT SIX. By Austin J. Small. 292 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.

ACCORDING to the very informative blurb on the jacket, this is "the story of a man who came back" and became an arch-killer. Unlike most murder stories, the reader in this book is cognizant of the mysterious activities, and the only person puzzled throughout the book is the man from Scotland Yard. Perhaps this is sarcasm? But the suspense and interest of the story rest in the methods of the so-called hero in bringing death to his next victim. For this is no mere mystery story, but a tale of super-murdering, or subtle gore.

"The Silent Six" relates to the life of Damon Gray, who served eighteen years in prison for a trifling, casual murder, committed by one of his friends while the gang of The Silent Six were carrying out a small business transaction concerning the stealing of some jewels. It was unfortunate, in fact, stupid, this needless killing. There was no real need for it, nothing but hysteria. The Six could have got away without it. Grey was annoyed, but he accepted the obligation stoically. He had shot at the light, stumbled over a chair and "he had stayed there, unconscious—with a gun in his hand—and the dead man sprawling at his feet. But the other five had got away. And the bond would hold. He could take all that was coming. The other five would look after the little woman at home. That was as good as law to the Silent Six."

That, however, was where the trouble came in. The other five had taken it for granted that the little woman would have sense enough to draw on her husband's account—he had £44,000—but it seems that she thought he might need it when he came out of prison, so, even though she was carrying his child, she let herself starve to death. This Grey blamed on the five—in entirety—and he resolved to punish them for negligence.

His five comrades, in spite of this, weren't ordinary men.

There was Lindstrum, short and stocky, with confidence and ability to cut into every line of him. There was Stephen Leeds, who looked as though an immaculate tailor's model had come to life in him. * * * He spoke with the easy accent of Oxford drifting through his voice. * * * His specialty was cards. With fifty cards in his hands Stephen Leeds could make a certificated oculist go to get his eyes tested for myopia.

An American, Richard Kann, was also of the group, "who looked as though it would not matter a tinker's cuss to him whether Judgment Day caught him half-way through his next meal or never came at all." And of John Grayne, who played the violin like an angel, it was said "that if John Grayne was given the choice of his violin and the most beautiful girl in the world, John Grayne would hold out both hands for his violin." All of which original description should afford the reader a clear idea of this startling story.

Rachway was the organising brains of the gang. His weakness was his love for the beautiful secretary. It was through this romantic weakness that Grey struck at him. After his

(Continued on Page 22)

Blare of the Jazz Tempo in a New English Novel

SOUNDING BRASS. By Ethel Mannin. 340 pp. New York: Duffield & Co. $2.

WITH the publication of "Sounding Brass" a new novelist enters upon the contemporary scene—who decidedly has something to say. She is a realist with a satirical slant to her picture of modern England. She has caught up the crash of brass and cymbals of modernity—the blare of the jazz tempo—all the braying life of today—and has set it down in the depicted life of a social and industrial climber. Her point of view may find its background in the Pauline observation of becoming "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal," but her method of expression has the gusto of American social satire. Her methods are similar to those employed by Lewis and Menoken. She has reserved irony for her close—pity is present in implication—and the main narrative is a gorgeous cartoon.

Doubtless this novel will incite considerable curiosity and comment. A new English writer who treats British complacency to a dose of bitters seems to be intruding upon the prerogatives of the Irish. Yet this is only Miss Mannin's second novel. It so happens that we read her first novel, "Hunger of the Sea," two years ago, and the advance of "Sounding Brass" over that first effort is as astonishing and complete in its realization as was that of Margaret Kennedy in her second flight. Her first book was vigorous, but very uneven. Its strength rested almost entirely upon several excellently projected women characters. In spite of which, there was very little to suggest that it would be followed by so diverse and hard hitting a novel as "Sounding Brass." It had dealt with primal passions, while this new departure takes up the arena of glittering sophistication and the bunk of advertising.

James Richard is the Babbitt of this new sortie in satire. Richard is the youngest son of a collier living in the North of England. In Richard there is a sharper intellect than that of the rest of the family. It was of harder fibre and accordingly critical. He refused to follow the tradition of the family, after finishing the elementary school, and become a miner. Nothing could drive him into mining. He tended store for his ailing grandmother. When she died, he removed £10 from her savings and departed for London. This was the start of Richard, of his work and his career, and Miss Mannin has treated the silver lining to a double exposure.

Richard is a ruthless and dynamic figure. He determined to have money and power. Had his energy been directed to some more cultured outlet, he might have been a force in almost any creative walk of life. But he was attracted to Fleet Street. He saw in the printed word the way to success. Starting as a messenger, he studied printing and engraving. He saw the future of advertising while the impress of the Victorian age still kept business genteel. Slowly he climbed. He could sell; his sincerity and enthusiasm convinced.

His first adolescent love affair with Lavinia was characteristic. He had picked her up at the Crystal Palace. His youthful passion drew him to her. She became an interruption in his life; she colored his thoughts, took up his spare time, stopped his studying of printing, and made him restless. Then a fellow of his acquaintance got in trouble and had to marry his girl friend. This was disillusioning. He sat down and wrote at once to Lavinia that he couldn't see her any more and wished her luck. He put her out of mind, he ignored woman entirely, and absorbed all his energy in work. By 1914 he was in a position to open an advertising agency of his own, and then war was declared. He blamed it all on the self-satisfied attitude of the country—was annoyed at having his plan interrupted—but enlisted. With admirable compression, Miss Mannin indicates his life in the next four years, and the influence and changes brought about by the World War.

Upon the resumption of peace, with the aid of Michael Murray's money, Richard was able to open his Premier Publicity, Ltd. Murray is a delightful character. He might have stepped out of the earlier novels of Compton Mackenzie. He brings to this book some of the spirit, people and atmosphere to be found in "Carnival" and the adventures of Sylvia Scarlett. He had the artistic temperament. The war left him believing in nothing. He had curiosity and the sense of beauty, for all his nihilism, and was everything that Richard wasn't. He held Richard in a mixture of contempt and admiration for his ability to put over his ideas. But success spoke from Richard with an unconscious boorishness. "Anything he did not understand he classified as sentimentality. So that love was for him a sentimentality, and art, and all dreams that had not to do with getting on."

He was despised and made enemies, but Premier Publicity, Ltd., was a great success. He became a public figure. He glorified the great god Service. He decided to marry for money. Daftly, he made himself agreeable to the elderly and prudish daughter of a client, Miss Pringle. This amused Murray, Miss Mannin here broadly contrasts social circles and ambition, much in the extreme manner that Lewis employed in "Babbitt," to illustrate the social climbing. The stolid, steady prosperity of profiteers, with their smug morality, is set off against the cynicism, wit and bubble-pricking futility of Murray and his artistic group, dabbling with beauty and love.

Miss Mannin has missed none of the piquant details.

The proposal itself was a very simple matter. Richard took up a stand on the fifteen-guinea rug in Pringle's library of costly books he never read or intended to read; he stood with his back to the new marble fireplace, the installation of which had cost 200 pounds if it had cost a penny; and Pringle, who was the stage manager for this curtain-raiser, sent his daughter downstairs.

This scene and the honeymoon that followed has the provocative satire—the raillery and conception—that vividly recalls that other grotesque courtship and honeymoon of Theobald and Christina as told by Butler in "The Way of All Flesh."

This provoking novel doesn't stop with hitting off advertising, the follies and vanities of moderns, but with fine catholicity includes the jazz era and all of London:

> A London desperately short of homes, but with no dearth of night clubs where the new homeless might forget their problems. A London feverishly extending its bounds and producing outcrops of inadequate dwellings, shoddy little doll's-houses destined to be the slums of tomorrow. A London striving to emulate New York with its electric signs and its palaces of commerce * * * and Paris with its cabarets and dance clubs. * * * A London passionately determined to be anything but its natural self. * * * A London that had never been gayer, never more interesting and never so completely vulgar.

In this modern London, where Richard was becoming every day a figure of greater power, the flame of human passion that had been so long suppressed found itself with violence. The beautiful, sensuous, seductive Lola taught Richard that he was human after all. His compelling power wasn't schooled to dalliance, and misfortune overtook him. His ambitious castle of success toppled before the breath of scandal. But he wasn't of the stuff to stay crushed—he was too vulgar.

"Sounding Brass" is a novel of scope and lively entertainment. The character of this fatuous Babbitt from abroad is fascinating. The satire of this novel is broad, harsh, but arresting and compelling. This novelist has viewed the scene of change with a shrewd and knowing eye. It reflects in its conception, in its moments of happy interlude, a civilised and sensitive mind alive to the pain, brutality and inarticulateness of life in exuberant but frustrated flux. Its portrayal of characters and narrative is of competent craftsmanship. Its outspokenness in its citing of human behavior, the insight of its grasp on life, carries conviction. It is sound rather than sensational. Withal, it is a very unusual English novel and suggests that there are some lively days ahead in English fiction.

EDWIN CLARK.

Jacket Design for "Sounding Brass."

Changing Fashions in English Portraiture

Tudor Artists Drew the Clothes, William Rothenstein Drew the Man

THE PORTRAIT DRAWINGS OF WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN. With an introduction by Max Beerbohm. London: Chapman & Hall. 25 6s net.

CATALOGUE OF OXFORD PORTRAITS. By Mrs. Reginald Lane Poole. 2 Vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

By J. ST. LOE STRACHEY

THE book before me is a very interesting mixture of contemporary history and biography recorded in line. Also, and incidentally, it is a piece of autobiography on the part of the artificer of the aforesaid biographies. It contains not only a hundred and one very attractive collotype plates which portray William Rothenstein's sitters but, in addition, has a printed record of the vast number of drawings executed during the painter's working life, from 1889 to the present time. What I mean by saying that this constitutes an autobiography by Mr. Rothenstein is to be found in the fact that he tells us in line of the people with whom he has associated at the various stages of his career. To turn the pages of his plates is almost like reading a diary. For instance, when the artist was living in Paris at the end of the '80s we got a large number of drawings of distinguished Frenchmen—for example, M. Daudet, M. Verlaine and M. Charles Bonnier. Next comes the period when the artist was working at Oxford, and we see Dons like Professor Robinson Ellis, well known to all Oxford men of forty years ago. Then come the London portraits, which, of course, are predominant in number. Among them we find politicians, men of science, literary men and fellow-artists.

It is always difficult to transfer into words the impressions made by works of art, and in Mr. Rothenstein's case it is more than usually difficult, because his method is not only original, but transitional. His drawings show the art of portraiture on the move.

The very interesting illustrated "Catalogue of Oxford Portraits," grouped with Mr. Rothenstein's book affords a striking contrast to Mr. Rothenstein's drawings. It shows how in the Middle Ages, and even in Tudor times, a portrait of a man was not so much an attempt to make a likeness of him as to present a kind of symbolical and biographical memoria technica. For example, in the fifteenth century and the early part of the sixteenth, when the professions of this country were as much differentiated in dress, as they are in many parts of the East at the present time, the painter was preoccupied with the costume and accessories which would exactly explain to the observer the kind of man commemorated. For example, the habit and insignia of a bishop on the one hand, or of a doctor of law on the other, or, again, of a doctor of physics, or of a prince, or of a courtier, yet apart the man portrayed from his fellows. Next the painter, or wielder of the pen or pencil, suggested the man's age by gray hair, or wrinkles, and by his background, or other device very likely showed us the country, or part of the country, to which he belonged. A cathedral, a town hall, a castle, or a tower, were indications not only of the man's calling but showed us where he lived, and what was his social status therein. No doubt a good many of these early artists would have refused to admit that they were not keen on making a likeness also, but it is hardly too much to say that as a rule this was the thing which came last, and almost least, in the category of portraiture requirements. The proof is to be found in the fact that many of the people who made, or rather "manufactured," portraits did so without any attempt to get sittings from the person portrayed. They worked presumably from a description, or rather a specification of the type required—bishop, lawyer, prince or doctor. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Italy, and by the beginning of the seventeenth century in England, arose the idea of attempting to make the likeness the important feature of the picture. The greater technical skill of the painters enabled them not to repeat a pattern so much as to approach the extreme ideal of reality—the idea of getting such exactness that the birds would peck at the painting of the grapes, or the curious try to pull the curtain. Likeness and realism held the day for three or four generations, and then another change came in. Impressionism gradually edged out realism. The artist was fired to put a criticism of life into his line. He aimed at telling the sitter's character, or, at any rate, his characteristics, by means of suggestion. He did not strive to make an imitation or reflection, as in a glass, but to transfer thoughts about the sitter to the mind of the observer. In a painter like Goya you see the two views of portraiture striving with each other. Some of Goya's duchesses and royalties are pieces of inspired realism. In other cases, as in his famous drawing of the Duke of Wellington, you get Goya's turbulent thoughts of the great man so passionately portrayed that one hardly wonders that when the Duke made his commonplace criticism about the length of eye, or nose, or whatever it might be, the artist reached in a rage for his rapier. If he had not been restrained, he would have run the Duke through as the reward of his mental impenetrability.

Parallel with the portraiture ideas of men like Goya, though not derived from him, run the art and tradition of the caricaturists. Gradually during the eighteenth century men found out that by exaggerating certain features of a man's facial or bodily configuration you might produce what the public love to call "a speaking likeness." The caricaturist may be very unjust and unfair, but if he is to succeed he must make his caricature instantly call up the man portrayed and with him his "ruling passion." Gilray L. Rowlandson on one side and Maclise on the other afford examples of what I mean. But the caricaturists could not have it all their own way. The more serious portrait painters soon realized how much could be learned from the caricaturist and, adopting part of his method, produced anticipations of the style in which Mr. Rothenstein has shown himself a master. No doubt, any and every painter makes mistakes and fails to hit the mark, just as do actors, poets and musicians; but, taken as a whole, you find it is very seldom that the artist does not in these days try to tell you in line not only who his sitter is but to give you also a good deal to think about in regard to him.

I will take an example almost at random from Mr. Rothenstein's book—the drawing of Sir Edwin Lutyens, dated 1922. Nobody who mixes in the world of London, and still less nobody who has the personal acquaintance of the famous and accomplished architect, could fail for a moment to identify the picture, or, again, to note the particular view of the sitter which has been biasoned for us by the portrayer's crayon. Fastidious students of physiognomy may, for all I know, say that the chin is wrong, or that the nose and eyes are mistakenly aligned; but if instead of such meticulous criticism we look at the picture as a whole, and not in detail, it is impossible not to admit how happy is the characterization and interpretation. There is alertness, there is vitality, there is a touch of cynicism prevented by humor from turning into saturninity. These may conceivably be perfectly wrong qualities to attribute to Sir Edwin, and I shall not attempt for a moment to discuss whether they are or not; but, at any rate, the painter puts them into our minds by means of his lightning "pencil biography."

Another very successful line drawing which I have chosen at random is that of General Smuts. I am not so foolish as to suggest that a person who has not seen the distinguished South African statesman and soldier would be able to name offhand the qualities which fit both the picture and the sitter; but any one who knows both the General's face and his career will not fail to see that he has been well interpreted. It is the face of a bold man and a firm man, but also of an essentially reasonable man—the man who refuses to be a fanatic, even in a cause to which he has given his whole heart.

Less successful are Lord Reading and Mr. Walkley, because in both instances we seem to get only a part rendering of the character. It would seem as if the painter had said, "There are many things about this man about which I cannot make up my mind; but there are one or two things about which I can, and on these I shall insist."

Before I leave the book, which is as fascinating to turn over as it is difficult to review, I must note the excellent way in which the work is presented by John Rothenstein, the painter's son. Admirable, also, is the introduction by Max Beerbohm. It is a pleasant piece of biography and autobiography and begins with the story of how Mr. Rothenstein and Max Beerbohm met at Oxford. Here is a passage describing how the digging up of some old letters brought back to the great caricaturist the Oxford of the '90s.

> For one who lives usually, as I do, rather far from the land of his birth, the fores of old first impressions is even greater than it is for most men; and my instinct is ever to think of my old friend Will not as a professor out there in South Kensington, with multitudes of rapt pupils day by day and with already a vast quantity of paintings and drawings done and now hoarded in private collections or flaunted in public galleries, but as a very young man with just the world before him, and Oxford for a few weeks agape in the meantime. This habit could have no more violent corrective than the sheaves that lie before me—proof sheets of a monumental iconography com-

Max Beerbohm.

From "The Portrait Drawings of William Rothenstein."

posed in filial piety by a grown-up son.

The reason why these lie before me is no shock to me. Never parted from myself, I am well aware that I am quite old enough to be invited to write a few words for such a volume. My bother is that the years in their passage have not at all qualified me to perform the task worthily. Perhaps, indeed, the years' failure is the reason why I was chosen. The choice of introducer cannot have been an easy one. I imagine the son saying, "Father, does the Archbishop of Canterbury know much about graphic art?" and the father replying, "My child, there must ever be value in any opinions held on any subject by a man of wide spiritual experience. But already the massiveness of the temple that you have reared in my honor oppresses me rather. Get that frivolous young thing, Max Beerbohm, to come and throw some somersaults on the steps of this great edifice." I imagine the son pointing out that I am no longer frivolous or young or agile, and the father realizing the truth of this, but saying, "No matter. At any rate, he's undignified." So here I am. But fuller of awe than ever.

In another passage Mr. Max Beerbohm lets us into some of the secrets of the art with which I have tried to deal from the lay point of view. Here is an admirable piece of technical criticism:

> His work during the past thirty years and more has been very various, both in medium and in subject matter. But it has always had the common denominator of his intellectual force; and this force is also, I think, the outstanding and governing factor in it. Even if he be painting a barn or a tree, a cart or a hedge row, he seems to be saying, "What is this object? Just what part does it play among the eternal verities? And just how can I best pluck the heart out of it?" I cannot pretend to answer such questions. I edge away to ground on which I feel safer—though far from secure. Caricaturists (and I am of that lowly tribe) are in some sort students of human character through the human form. They are rather more able than most people to appreciate what the serious portraitist is out for and up to. And it is to portraiture more than to any other single kind of work that Will Rothenstein has devoted his unceasing energy.
>
> In portraiture, as in other forms of drawing and painting, a good deal can be achieved with very slight expenditure of brain power. The brain may be hardly more than the transmitter of messages from the eager eyes to the well-trained hand (via the pure warm heart); and if it transmit these accurately the result will be delightful and in some cases—such as that of the latest débutante or a very young master of hounds—satisfactory. Nevertheless, an artist who is nothing but sensitive and skilful must, I am sure, feel much happier sitting on a camp stool and doing a landscape than when he is confronted with even the most meaningless of human sitters. Brains are an advantage to the landscape painter; but a fine landscape can be done without their assistance; whereas in the doing of a fine portrait they are as needful as sensibility and skill—aye! even in portrayal of a quite null person, inasmuch as without a profound statement of that nullity the portrait, though it be satisfactory for a while, will soon pall.
>
> With the faces of quite null persons Will has dealt more frequently than I had supposed before seeing this iconography. (None of these is reproduced here, nor will I give the numbers of the pages on which the owners' names occur: I will merely say that, to the best of my recollection profundity of statement was not stinted.) But the striking thing is the enormous number of truly distinguished persons here enshrined. That impulse which first whirled Will up to Oxford, the impulse to do a "set" of the people who mattered most in a place that matters much, has never since loosened its hold on him. Celebrities come and go. Celebrities leave Will cold—unless they be something more than celebrated. Distinction is what he likes; and if it be coupled with obscurity, no matter; there it is, and all the better, perhaps. There is something almost snobbish in Will's austere freedom from snobbery.

Later on in the introduction I am delighted to see a reference to Maclise, though I cannot agree with Mr. Beerbohm that, in spite of all his incisiveness, Maclise was only "a lightweight."

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Dunsany Turns the Celtic Twilight on Alexander the Great

***ALEXANDER AND THREE SMALL PLAYS.** By Lord Dunsany. 196 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

By PERCY A. HUTCHISON

THE place of Lord Dunsany as a dramatist once bid fair to become an inveigling subject for debate. But as time went on and he failed to fulfill his early promise—or what seemed early promise—the question lost some of its attractive possibilities. His latest book of plays, the title of which is "Alexander and Three Small Plays," will not do much to revive discussion. Lord Dunsany has been ever of a wayward and incalculable genius; which is all very well when the genius is of the robustious sort. But when so slender as Lord Dunsany's, it is likely to become emaciated and fatigued as time goes on. This is, unfortunately, what has happened. In "Alexander," which is a four-act tragedy dealing with Alexander the Great, and in the trio of one-act pieces which follows in the volume, the genius of the author appears wan and tired. This is not to say that the pieces are totally devoid of beauty, or that they are deficient in meaning; but it is to say that neither individually nor collectively do they make any strong impression, or linger long in the memory. Yet there may be profit in the reading, for all that; if nothing else, they teach what not to do in playwriting.

The life of Alexander III, surnamed the Great, has furnished a theme for poets and moralists—has furnished a hundred themes—from early ages down. In the progress of this cruel Greek chieftain from the time he set out from Macedonia until he had made himself absolute monarch of Persia, India and Northern Africa, and wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, there is material for a Marlowe or Shakespeare, and one can envisage, albeit faintly, what a Shakespeare or a Marlowe would have done with the epic drama that bursts through the historical narrative. In reading the Dunsany "Alexander" one is left uncertain whether the playwright should have avoided the theme utterly, or whether, if he had spent some years on the composition, he might have done something which would have stood up under criticism.

Lord Dunsany starts bold enough. There is a drunken Thais almost on the first page, and the reader assumes that she is destined to play some important part in the piece. On the contrary. After the by no means unattractive little sot has egged on Clitus (who loves her) to induce Alexander to banish Apollo—the god, in the guise of an old man, having been Alexander's wise and constant counselor—she fades from the scene, to reappear unimportantly, and only momentarily, at the very close.

Did the dramatist allow her to become so drunk that it took her all that while (several years, apparently) to sleep off her inebriety? We cannot say. But whatever the cause of her absence it is disastrous, for the reader, clearly expecting that Thais, having ignited the fuse of tragedy, will continue to play a dominating part. Her failure to do so is so puzzling that he finds himself confusedly groping after a sequence of events which fails to follow. And the sequence that does follow is rendered illogical because of the removal of what promised to be the motivating cause and the substituting of another cause. This, as the reader is finally made aware, is the assumption of divinity on the part of Alexander, his claim, namely, to being the son of Zeus. Thus not only has the dramatist violated at the outset the fundamental canon of his art—that you cannot make an unimportant character appear important and have the action clear—but, and without warning, he has imported supernatural forces into a drama which promised at the outset to be terrestrial throughout. Having thus (out of pure perversity so far as one can discern) thoroughly confused the mind of his reader, Lord Dunsany proceeds with calm obliviousness to unroll his play.

That the theme, when raised from earth to heaven, or, at least, since the year is some two centuries B. C., to the top of Olympus, gains in cosmic scope is not to be denied. Alexander an immortal is greater than Alexander the mortal — at any rate, he is greater in dramatic possibilities. The playwright interpolates an act in which the three Fates discuss and decide the monarch's destiny; and in their spinning and snipping of the threads there is some suggestion of the witches in "Macbeth." It is the one act of the play which is consistently imagined throughout, and in expression also consistent.

Lord Dunsany also manages to introduce a scene which has no little power over the emotions. He represents Alexander as crazed by his grief over his murder of Clitus, and when the Ambassadors of the barbarians come to him to offer tribute if he will make treaties that guarantee the safety of their peoples, the conqueror will talk of nothing but his sorrow, and will discuss nothing with any of the Ambassadors until he finds that one of them is as blood guilty as himself.

Alexander—We must not speak of treaties, you and I. They do not know our sorrow, they that speak of treaties. They do not know. But let us speak of Clitus.

Ambassador—Yes, yes, we will speak of Clitus first, and after that—

Alexander—Why, yes; we will speak of your dear friend. But we will speak of him first. Indeed, I will not be selfish in my sorrow. We are the world's most chosen, you and I. The two to whom the gods have given the first of sorrows. We are the twins of sorrow.

There is emotional shading here, especially in the contrast between Alexander, given over entirely to his grief and the Ambassador whose grief gives place to practical matters.

The romantic element is brought into the play of "Alexander" by the introduction of the Queen of the Amasons, Rhododactilos. And in several of the speeches between Alexander and the warrior-queen Dunsany shows how closely he comes to the spirit of Elizabethan romantic tragedy—and how far he falls short. In Rhododactilos, Alexander for the first time sees a woman who could be his peer in marriage.

Lord Dunsany.

From a Drawing by Boston.

Alex.: Would you wed a conqueror?

Queen: That is as it pleases the victor.

Alex.: It would be a terrible thing for one so like the dawn over the plains, or like the little winds that run free in the morning to endure servitude.

Queen: I would forget it all, and the bright rains in the morning.

Alex.: I will be that conqueror.

Queen: That is as must be decided on some cornfield as yet untrodden by soldiers, or on hungry plains of grass that have not yet tasted blood.

The poetry of these lines, as well as the poetry of the scene, is undeniable. And it rises to its romantic height when Rhododactilos, seeking to compromise between her love and her fidelity to her women warriors (and be false to them), conveys to Alexander the information that the left flank of her army is vulnerable, and that he will be surer of victory if he goes against her women with cavalry rather than with infantry. In the final scene the Amazonian Queen appears at Babylon, where she claims the body of the dead Alexander, to which his former soldiers refused burial. Thus the play ends on the romantic note, to the neglect of the supernatural motivation, which has been dropped as unceremoniously as the opening not on Thais.

From what has been said of Lord Dunsany's "Alexander," and the little that has been quoted, it will be evident that the play is far from lacking color; and should the piece ever reach the stage, which seems unlikely, there would be much which should provide a fairly gorgeous spectacle. But we have here used the word "color" in two different senses, our first reference being solely to certain qualities of the author's prose. And this prose could, in many passages, and with a few inconsequential changes, have easily become blank verse. Indeed, had the author been fully aware of his talents in this direction, as he seems not to have been, he could have enhanced the power of the drama immensely by the occasional employment of blank verse. But the play, taken all in all, is feebly imagined and inadequate in execution.

And it is just here the pity of the piece lies. A theme magnificent in its possibilities, those possibilities are neglected one after another. Yet to have perceived them was, perhaps, something, and when that view is taken our praise is niggardly. Some time we hope to see an "Alexander" more nearly adequate; yet perhaps it lies outside the modern mind. There would have to be the sweep of Marlowe's "Tamerlane," the characterization of the Shakespearean chronicle plays, and the psychological blending of reality and unreality which Shakespeare attains in "Macbeth." Probably no one will undertake the task for fear of ridicule over the failure fully certain to result, but some young and undaunted poet should at least make the experiment.

The three short pieces included in the volume are one and all negligible. The first, bearing the title "The Old King's Tale," has a certain romantic touch, but the theme, youth spurred on by age to defy the gods, is far from new in its larger implications and has received more nearly sufficient treatment from several hands. "The Evil Kettle" does not in the least convince. It represents the young boy James Watt studying his mother's tea-kettle and being prompted to the perception of the utilization of the force of steam by Satan, who has a malicious desire to see men ruining the landscape with factories. There may be a bit of whimsy here; but it strikes one as strained. The final piece, "The Amusements of Khan Kharuda," in the contrast, rather sharply posed, of some of the hypocrisies of the Orient set off against the hypocrisies of the Occident, is more nearly dramatic in its momentary flash than "Alexander" or either of the short plays which precede. But this dramatic effect is gained exclusively by the stage direction and is not inherent in the piece.

But let us close with at least a word to offset in some measure what has gone before. Take all these plays together, with all their imperfections on their respective heads, and the reader can but be sensible of a certain romantic striving stirring below the surface. It is as if their author had said: "Surely there should be in art, in literature, a capability for something besides realistic photography and pessimistic mutterings; if we cannot duplicate the achievements of the masters who have shown to the world the reconciling and ennobling functions of art, let us at least try." In "Alexander" this writer can see little but failure; yet he is clearly conscious of a definite striving throughout the play for those things which, in their highest attaining, have made English romantic drama pre-eminent in literary history.

Sixteen English Cathedrals

***THE LURE OF ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.** By Frances M. Gostling. Illustrated. 283 pp. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $3.50.*

THE tourist in England who is making a leisurely journey and is giving special attention to the cathedrals will find Miss Gostling's book, which is reprinted from the second English edition, a valuable supplement to the more formal guide-books. And if one already knows the English cathedrals fairly well it will make a charming book for home reading. The author journeys round about England, visiting sixteen cathedrals, and re-creating for the reader's benefit great and colorful scenes and events in the history of each. She calls up from the far, vague past, often from the later years of Roman domination, the happenings and the people connected with the establishing of these ancient structures, tells how the fortunes of each one fared as the centuries marched past and draws vivid pictures of scenes splendid, tragic, pathetic that helped to make its story. At Canterbury she describes, among many other events, the murder of Becket and King Henry II's penitential lashings and prayers; at Winchester she tells the story of the marriage of Mary and Philip of Spain; at Lincoln she is reminded of the beautiful story of Saint Hugh. Miss Gostling recounts all these many tales and anecdotes, bits of biography and scenes from history very well indeed, filling each of the famous cathedrals with the men and women who made it and its story, and portraying against its background the passions that spurred them to action. But it is, almost wholly, the human story of the cathedrals that she tells, with very slight attention to their architectural interest. For all that the reader will have to go elsewhere. The thirty-odd illustrations are excellently done, while a welcome feature is afforded by the end-papers, which are maps of England.

"Brains," Ganglia and Nerves of the "Bashful Young Potato"

Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose Reports on His Psychographical Voyages Into the Vegetable Kingdom

Jacket Design for "Roses in the Little Garden."

An Attractive Arrangement of Hyacinths and Tulips.

From "Garden Making and Keeping."

THE NERVOUS MECHANISM OF PLANTS. By Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose, M. A., D. Sc., LL. D., F. R. S., C. S. I., C. I. E., Director Bose Research Institute, Calcutta. 224 pp., with 83 illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd. $6.40.

By VAN BUREN THORNE

SIR JAGADIS CHUNDER BOSE, India's foremost scientist, especially distinguished for his researches in plant physiology and Director of the Bose Research Institute of Calcutta, presents in this volume proof of his conviction that plants are endowed with a nervous system which functions in the same manner as that of animals. His observations and demonstrations involve the conception of some kind of nerve centre—a "brain." No structure corresponding to the nerve ganglion of an animal has been discovered, but it is obvious that Bose is working with such a hypothesis in view. He expresses the opinion that it is not impossible that the physiological facts may one day receive histological verification.

Bose's present book of proof was preceded here by cabled accounts from Calcutta and London of his remarkable discoveries.[1] Since publication of the volume further records of the results of kindred researches by him have appeared in THE NEW YORK TIMES. For instance, his latest astonishing announcement is to the effect that he has succeeded in measuring the "heart beats" of plants. These, the scientist asserted, were less than one-millionth of an inch, but by the aid of a magnetic amplifier (his own invention) he was able to enlarge them enormously and throw their reflection on a screen, where they were photographed. Bose likens the heart of the plant to the elongated heart of some of the lower animals, such as the earthworm, in which peristaltic action propels the circulating fluid.

The scientist's statement that plants have a nervous system and that he has located it has been received by some plant physiologists with skepticism. They point out that India itself from ancient days has reeked with magic and esoteric practices; that it is essentially the home of a mystical and calmly contemplative philosophy in which the oneness of life is a salient feature; that Bose is possessed of a speculative type of mind, and that in all likelihood he is swayed more or less by the intangible mysticism common to his country, and as a result has "overinterpreted" his observations.

Nothing can be more obvious to any reader of this book than that such criticisms are not based upon anything the volume contains; it is impossible to ignore the relentless logic of his conclusions, which are based upon the most modern methods of scientific laboratory procedure. If Sir Jagadis, spurred by enthusiasm and the energy of a dynamic personality, has succeeded in demonstrating as a matter of fact a vague belief more or less loosely held in the Oriental mind, he has accomplished a modern miracle—and it is equally obvious that his critics have not read this book.

There is not a trace of mysticism in the volume; it does contain miracles aplenty—modern laboratory miracles. It lacks speculative digressions. Theories of other eminent scientists regarding the method of plant functioning are analyzed, dissected and confuted in the most concise and practical manner. Bose calls to his aid physics, electrics, dynamics, hydraulics, as he has need of them, to prove his thesis. If an instrument is required for an exact demonstration and science has not made it available, he invents one to suit. Several instruments of his devising are well known throughout the world.

Surrounded by his collection of scientific paraphernalia and his favorite forms of plant life, Sir Jagadis carries on delicate and absorbing experiments in a beautifully designed building of Indian architecture in the centre of one of the busiest industrial quarters of Calcutta. It consists of a large and perfect lecture or demonstration room, with numerous laboratories. Bose's great pride is that his institute is entirely Indian—in inspiration, in personnel, in architecture and in craftsmanship. He has labored for more than a quarter of a century at his favorite problem and here, in his own words, is what he says he has discovered about the nervous system of plants:

> The results of the investigations which I have carried out for the last quarter of a century establish the generalisation that the physiological mechanism of the animal is identical with that of the plant. * * * The researches described in the present work show that not only has a nervous system been evolved in the plant, but that it has reached a very high degree of perfection, as marked by the reflex arc in which a sensory becomes transformed into a motor impulse. The characteristics of the two impulses, and the definitely distinct channels for their conduction, can be studied with greater certainty and accuracy than in the animal. And it may be confidently expected that the broader outlook of the unity of physiological mechanism in all life will lead to a great advance in the physiological investigation of living tissues.

In order to clear the field for the demonstration and proof of his own theory of nerve activity in plants, Bose had to demolish two other well-known theories of the mode of transmission of stimulation. First of these is the theory of hydro-mechanical transmission, which is based upon the observation that stimulation is only effected when a plant is wounded and a knife, for instance, is thrust into its tissues and allows the escape of a drop of water. When a leaf at some distance from the wound droops this theory presupposes that the drooping action is caused by a transmitted blow or traction. Bose proves by experiments, fully described, that excitatory stimulation can be readily effected without a wound and escape of sap. In this, as in the majority of his experiments, he employs extremely sensitive varieties of the very "nervous" genus, mimosa.

Sugar Gums, Elysian Park, Los Angeles.

From a Photograph by Harold A. Parker. From "Trees and Shrubs of California Gardens."

The other theory he had to get rid of is the so-called transpiration-current theory. It is well known "and involves the assumption of the excretion of a stimulant substance as the result of stimulation" of the wood, and that this hypothetical substance "is translocated by the transpiration-current with the same speed as the impulse which causes the successive fall of the leaves." Bose not only failed to obtain evidence by experimentation that any such substance is execrated, but by applying a chemical stimulant (a drop of acid) to a distant leaf he was able to determine the rate at which the impulse traversed the plant and the rate of transport of the chemical stimulant which initiated the impulse. The result was that while the chemical stimulant "remained practically localised at the point of application, the impulse generated was transmitted to a considerable distance."

As a result of his experiments based upon these two theories, he asserts that the transmission of impulse is in no way connected with the movement of sap.

The way, then, is clear for the exposition of his many ingenious and marvelous experiments whereby the scientist establishes a species of kinship between plants and animals. There is only space here for generalization and to relate briefly the manner in which he detected the presence of the nerves themselves in the tissues of plants.

In the course of these investigations he discovered and proves that plants are sensitive to minute burns and transmit impulses, possibly of distress, therefrom; to the effect of acids, electric shock and to the narcotic action of poisons. He also found that plants become fatigued, recovering after rest. Indeed, Sir Jagadis discovered that the nervous systems of plants are inferior to those of frogs but superior to those of animals lower in the scale. He explains fully the methods by which he arrived at these conclusions.

Having discovered and proved that the mode of transmission of stimulated impulse could only be effected through the mechanism of a well-ordered and functioning nervous system, he cast about for a means of locating the nerves. The severed stem of most plants presents to the eye what appears to be practically a uniform surface. Under the microscope, however, it is vastly different, and plant physiologists have a variety of names for the different layers of plant tissue beneath the bark or epidermis.

Bose's task was to find within which layer the delicate nerve fibers lay hidden. They were not visible to the eye. He had recourse to electricity and devised what he has named his electric probe.

> The nervous impulse is invisible [says Bose] and its propagation along the nerve can only be detected by the electric change which accompanies it. The nervous tissue is embedded in the interior of the plant, and the problem of its definite localization is surrounded by numerous difficulties. I have, however, been successful in solving it by my Electric Probe [the capitalization is the author's]. When this is gradually introduced transversely into, say, the petiole [leaf-stalk] a sensitive galvanometer in circuit with the Probe remains practically quiescent until the tip of the Probe comes in contact with the nerve through which protoplasmic excitation is being transmitted; the passage of the impulse is then detected by an electric response of galvanometric negativity.

In other words, when the probe touches the nerve a passing impulse is intercepted and registered by the galvanometer in exactly the same way that impulses from stimulated animal nerves are caught and recorded.

In this volume Bose has made a remarkable contribution to plant physiology. It is dedicated to another great Indian, Rabindranath Tagore.

Alfred A. Knopf announces for early publication a ten-volume work entitled "The American Secretaries of State and Their Diplomacy," under the editorship of Samuel Flagg Bemis, Professor of History at the George Washington University, in cooperation with an Advisory Board composed of J. Franklin Jameson, H. Barrett Learned and James Brown Scott. The work will be, in effect, a history of American diplomacy in terms of the lives of our individual Secretaries of State. The first volume will contain the biographies of two Secretaries, "Robert R. Livingstone," by Milledge L. Bonham, and "John Jay," by Samuel Flagg Bemis. It will also have a "Foreword" by Nicholas Murray Butler and a "Historical Introduction" by James Brown Scott.

All of Us Are Gardeners Under the Skin

Four New Books on Horticulture Which Prove a Truer "Sumer Is y-Cumen In"

GARDEN-MAKING. By Elsa Rehmann. With supplementary text and illustrations from photographs by Antoinette Perrott. 268 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

ROSES IN THE LITTLE GARDEN. By G. A. Stevens. Illustrated. 118 pp. The Little Garden Series. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.75.

GARDEN MAKING AND KEEPING. By Hugh Findlay. Illustrated. 252 pp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $5.

TREES AND SHRUBS OF CALIFORNIA GARDENS. By Charles Francis Saunders. Illustrated from photographs by the author. 323 pp. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $3.

CITY dwellers always know when Spring comes by the new crop of garden books that sprouts in the book shops. Lost and shivering in their wilderness—as of stone and brick and cement, hugging their steam radiators and snuffling around in the smoke-brown air, they know, when they see the garden books blooming in their gay jackets on the book counters, that somewhere trees are coming into leaf, the sun is shining, birds are singing and gardens are astir with new life and new promise of beauty. They hold in their hearts, do these city dwellers, a special affection and tenderness for the garden book. To the countryman or suburbanite with a garden to attend to the garden book is a mere implement, a tool that will help him to make his garden a thing of loveliness, just as his hoe and his spade will help. But a certain sacredness hallows it for the city dweller and he turns its leaves and looks at its pictures with mingled awe and wonder and admiration. For, to him, it is the evidence that things unseen still live, proof that the beauty of flowers and plants and trees and the allurement of gardens still thrive beyond his wilderness, that somewhere are people, like himself, who can dig in the ground and make all these pictured marvels come true.

This particular batch of garden books will be very useful to the makers of gardens, for they are replete with advice, instruction and suggestion. But, for the cityite whose gardening extends no further than a potted geranium on a window sill, they are unusually fascinating. For, spending comparatively little attention on the preliminaries of soil preparation and cultivation, which the cityite doing his gardening in an armchair by means of his imagination always considers a waste of time and pages, they tell much about the achieving of results and waken in the heart of the cement-prisoner reader all sorts of longings to experiment like that in the choosing of plants and the creation of beauty.

Elsa Rehmann's "Garden-Making" is especially provocative in that way. She is a landscape gardener of renown who has designed many gardens and who in addition to practicing her art lectures and writes about it, thereby helping to spread widely knowledge of and interest in its principles. Her purpose in this book is to set forth simply the essential factors of those principles, so that any one can apply them to any sort of garden, from a tiny backyard to a large and elaborate estate. She begins with an exposition of the designing of what she calls "the simplest kind of garden," a mere flower-bordered path, of which she says: "Despite the elemental character of its design, it can reach sublime perfection in proportion; despite its straightforward sincerity, it can be elaborated with exquisite detail; despite all its limitations, it can be wrought into a wonderful completeness." The part played by vines, trees, shrubs and certain flowers in designing a garden is discussed in several chapters. Miss Rehmann holds fragrance important among the charms which a garden-maker should endeavor to secure and devotes a chapter to this subject in which she says that "fragrance can become a veritable guide in the making of lovely gardens." She thinks, too, that the distribution of flowers in a garden is a matter of importance and compares it with the brush work of a painter. Color she emphasizes as an important factor in garden design and there are a dozen chapters on this theme, most of them suggesting arrangements and combinations of flowers to secure desired effects. Miss Rehmann writes with enthusiastic and poetic appreciation of the varied pleasures afforded by a garden and she is evidently well skilled in the production of the artistic effects to whose beauty and harmony she is so sensitive.

G. A. Stevens's small volume on "Roses in the Little Garden" is the sixth in the Little Garden Series, whose editor is Mrs. Francis King. He writes with an infectious enthusiasm and with a knowledge of roses that is awe-inspiring. But he confines his discussion to those that are best suited in every way to the small plot of earth and to exposition of the marvels that can be done with them there. Explaining that success with roses depends much on the adaptation to locality, he prefaces his exposition with the statement that the rose gardens from which he has obtained first-hand knowledge have been located in Eastern Ohio, in Cleveland and in Harrisburg. And he tells how he made several successful little rose gardens in years when his gardening was confined to a small backyard and his time "to the hour or so a day between office duties and dark." Among such tiny gardens he mentions one of his own which was three feet wide and twelve feet long and contained twenty-five plants, another that is less than fifteen feet square and has forty-odd roses, while still another, "in the smoky section of a great city, is merely a bed edged with concrete, squeezed between a fence and a much used driveway," whose flowers are "a source of enormous pride to the gruff old Manxman who wrests them from so unfavorable an environment." Mr. Stevens gives advice on the kind of site that is best and on the design of the tiny rose garden and the choice of roses to be planted. He discusses at some length and gives lists of the hybrid perpetual, the tea, the hybrid tea, the climbing and other roses and has chapters on soil preparation, planting, Winter protection and pruning, insects and diseases, care and fertilization. In the final chapter he modestly but courageously describes himself as a heretic in rose-growing, as concerns such of the long-followed creed chiefly derived from English authorities, and sets forth the whys and wherefores of his heresy. At the end he remarks: "There is nothing mysterious or sacred about growing roses. Treat them with the same common sense that you show toward a row of cabbages and you will have good roses. The art and mystery of growing better roses is the art of knowing when to break the rules."

Jacket Design for "Garden Making and Keeping."

Hugh Findlay's "Garden Making and Garden Keeping" deals with the smaller-sized garden, midway between the tiny plot and the large and more elaborate affair, but large enough to accommodate flowers, shrubs and trees. The author, who is assistant professor of agriculture in Columbia University and the author of several previous books, offers a simply written book that, while it is practical in its advice and suggestions, yet aims to inspire the interest and feeling of the gardener, help him imagine his desired garden and then show him how to realize it. He deals with the making and care of the lawn, with the planting round about gates, with paths and the planting of borders, with rock gardens and rose gardens and aquatic plants and how to create charming wall-gardens. There are chapters also on bulbs, perennials, the selection of deciduous shrubs and trees for various purposes, and consideration of color, texture and character in selecting evergreens. A chapter on the bird garden urges the gardener to make his garden attractive to birds and suggests ways in which this can be done. It ends with a two-page list of trees and plants that birds particularly favor.

A long leap to the Pacific Coast is made by Charles Francis Saunders's "Trees and Shrubs of California Gardens." And, as he lands the reader there, he gives an extra touch of expectation by explaining that his book is concerned chiefly with trees and shrubs which do not grow in the East and mid-West parts of the United States, although most of them are familiar to the traveler in California. For this last reason the tourist to California who is interested in trees will find the book a satisfactory volume to have at hand, for he can learn from it all manner of interesting things about the trees and shrubs that arouse his curiosity but about which he is not likely to find any one who can answer his questions. Here he will be able to learn all he can possibly want to know about the cedars and cypresses of California, the casuarina tree, the eucalyptus and the wattle, the pepper tree, the palms, the monkey-puzzle, bottle trees and tea trees and Australasian laurels, and a multitude of others.

The Silent Water of Our Water-Lily Pond.

From "Garden Making and Keeping."

Diary of a Nineteenth Century Girl

KATHIE'S DIARY. Leaves from an Old, Old Diary. Written by Kathie. Edited by Margaret W. Eggleston. 339 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

DIARIES and books written by young girls, when their sophistication and precocity are strained to the point of doubt, have been received with amusement, skepticism or championship by a public always eager for novelty and diversion.

Doubt may not be fatal, but it never enhances, and the ultra-unusual is as fleeting and superficial as any fad or fashion. Yet the revelation of a person's solitary musings, thoughts and admissions always possess a strength and a potency, for nothing in the world is more interesting than honest human nature. The perpetual interest in diaries, autobiographies, reminiscences and even biographies is indication of this. Mostly these books deal with adults. Children are more apt to be exploited, their worldly wisdom commercialized, and yet there is nothing quite so ingenuously and sincerely appealing as a glimpse into the developing mind of a child. One simply loves her. So it is with "Kathie's Diary," which begins when Kathie is 12 and which is concluded in a hurried, final paragraph as she is about to leave on her wedding journey.

Margaret Eggleston Owen writes a brief preface which explains how the diary found its way into print. She was invited to look over some old notebooks and diaries of a friend who thought there might be parts in them that would interest girls of today. Mrs. Owen urged for permission to publish the whole diary and "Kathie" finally agreed. The desired happy ending is a factual reality, for Kathie's life, after she bid her diary good-bye to depart with her husband, has been blessedly serene and beautiful.

On Jan. 19, 1876, Kathie was 12. She introduces herself to her diary with natural candor and detail. She can't spell, she despises arithmetic, but her other lessons "are just fine." She lives in the country, for city life was too much for the mortality of her little brothers and sister. She understands why her mother had to live in the country when her uncle doctor said Kathie wouldn't live if they stayed in the city. Her analogy is quite childishly perfect.

"She had to keep *one*. I know how that is with kittens and one's own little four-year-old girl is much more important yet."

Kathie is fond of her diary, which automatically makes her confidential with it. As in such confidences minor occurences are of major importance. She finds she does not miss her dolls any more, she cleverly chooses the Bible's shortest verse to recite to her mother upon the latter's return from church when Kathie was prevented from going by her fifth cold of the Winter. She has a great deal to say about her spelling and easily convinces the reader of her difficulty with this subject, nor can she hope to understand any one who likes fractions. "Now Nettie loves Arithmetic. Ho hum." She has a fertile mind for the proper observance of April fool's day. "Today I fooled Aunt M—— and mamma and sewed Allies knife and fork to the table cloth. I sewed Aunties night cap up all for April fool."

People she meets are described with delightful clarity, and she is quite fair to both sexes. Nettie and she found a rabbit's nest with three little rabbits in it. "We didn't tell Ed or any boy," she asserts.

Her little vanities, her love affairs, misunderstandings and tragedies are set down with all the feeling that belongs to them as they turn and twist, puzzle and perplex, bring joy or happiness in making their contributions to her daily existence.

A good deal of the book is interesting because of the light it throws on a nineteenth century girlhood, her progressive point of view regarding her discovery of the girl with colored blood, her personal touch with religion and her old-fashioned pleasure in Christian faith and character.

But more than that it is interesting because it reveals girlhood and the trials and elations that cannot be evaded no matter what century we live in and no matter what the customs may be. Kathie had a book in her—and she wrote it down with that honesty of feeling that makes literature of life.

Philosophic Aspects Of Fascismo

William Bolitho Does Not Believe in Macchiavelli; Count Cippico Does

ITALY UNDER MUSSOLINI. By William Bolitho. 130 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.
ITALY: THE CENTRAL PROBLEM OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. By Senator Count Antonio Cippico. 110 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.

By WALTER LITTLEFIELD

WILLIAM BOLITHO is an apostle of negation, a disrupter of cause and effect. With these qualities and the source of his mandate considered, it is not astonishing that his indictment of Mussolini and his Fascismo should be what it is. If one maintains that in the case of this social, political and spiritual phenomenon the cause does not justify the means, then his indictment may only be debated in the light of the base motives he imputes to the protagonists in the tragedy he unfolds. If one believes, on the contrary, that the cause—now being acclaimed by countless travelers in Italy, by official, financial and industrial reports—does justify the means taken to produce it, then Mr. Bolitho's book may be accepted as graphically picturing the lurid side of the most remarkable and complete revolution wrought in history. As such it will have its place in the final historical adjustment, because, save for obvious prejudices, both personal and mandatory, it forms a rather important chronicle.

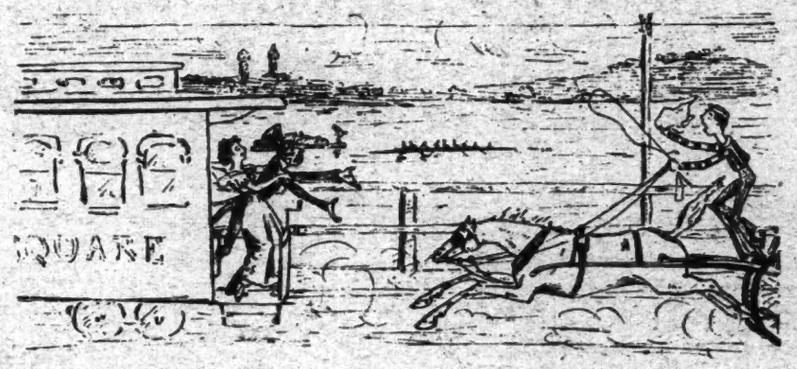
Fascismo has produced among the ranks of its enemies strange bed-fellows. Probably against no other movement have international radicals and international conservatives so viciously united for annihilation. The condemnation of the first is natural, but why that of the second? Because Fascismo, the initial successful victor of Communism, also overthrew that smug democracy, which, under the guise of popular government, perverts and procrastinates, producing profiteers and political profligates with genuine public benefits altogether discounted by the time, energy and treasure expended. Such was the situation in Italy, which the Reds were trying to change in their own, peculiar way, when Fascismo intervened, aroused the national conscience and revealed to it the enduring beauties of discipline, work and loyalty. And abroad today, where it is feared the same conditions may be revealed, the politico-plutocrat, in international conference or national congress, echoes the cry of the Communist: "The Italian Dictator is the greatest menace in the world today. This menace has got to be removed in some way." Thus inspired, it is not strange that assassins should seek a way. It will be convenient to keep these things in mind while reading "Italy Under Mussolini." They may account for the author's attitude and mission.

At the 1925 conference of the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, the Italian Senator and scholar, Count Antonio Cippico, delivered a series of six lectures. The first four deal with the history of the controlling powers of the Mediterranean and of Italy's natural interests as one of those powers. That these interests, so long dormant, are now important to consider is explained in the last two lectures entitled, respectively, "The Origin of Fascism" and "Italy Under Mussolini."

In the first place, if we accept Bolitho as an apostle of negation and a disrupter of cause and effect, then Cippico, judged by the same standard, may be regarded as an apostle of affirmation who is also a consistent logician. He lacks knowledge of, or refrains from using, the mass of shocking details and unworthy motives which form incident and movement of the other's theme, and confines himself merely to tracing the more important issues to their origin. In doing so his characterizations of the enemies of Fascismo are quite as caustic as those of Bolitho in regard to its friends. The disinterested reader may judge who has had the more sinister influence on Italy: the groups represented by Giolitti, Orlando and Nitti, or the group represented by Mussolini.

In the formation of Fascismo Bolitho accuses the Duce of being actuated by every unworthy motive and practicing every guile in order to achieve selfish ends:

> The formation of this coterie of duped and discarded leaders and underfed ex-soldiers that hung about smoking cigarettes in the untidy rooms of a journal [Mussolini's paper, Il Popolo d'Italia] without readers, as glum as a meeting of the victims of a confidence man, is called the heroic period of Fascism. To it belong most of the little tales of the hardships of Mussolini. * * * But he could not sit down to starve. One party lost, he must begin to build another. Thus, at the beginning of 1919, half-heartedly begins Fascism. Mussolini seems to have filched the name from a group of conservative members of Parliament formed during the war to try to remedy the unisciplened discussion into which the Italian Chamber drifted during the war years to the detriment of the expedition of current business.



Illustrations From "Rollo's Journey to Cambridge," by John T. Wheelwright and Frederic J. Stimson.

Cippico quotes from Mussolini's paper of Jan. 28, 1915, to show that Fascismo actually had a more remote origin, and adds:

> In that month of January, five months before Italy came into the war, the first Fasces were being formed. Their head was already he who later was to become the leader of new Italy. Until two or three months previously, Mussolini had sided with the Socialists; in the terrible realities of the war he had discovered the true significance of the national ideals and he felt himself at liberty to repudiate Karl Marx—the "aged and done for" apostle of materialism and international pacifism—who had, however, rejoiced over the Prussian victories of 1870. In those early days of 1915 the Fascisti numbered hardly 5,000 members, who were unanimous in favor of joining in the war. In May, 1915, having considerably increased both in numbers and in importance, they succeeded in bringing the nation into the war. The King, Victor Emanuel III, faithfully interpreted their will and the urgent national necessity.

Then when we come to the period of the origin of Fascismo as described by Bolitho, we have this by Cippico:

> After the defeat of Caporetto, the Fascisti, which had brought Italy into the war, again came to life. They came to life again so as to instil the spirit of resistance into soldiers and civilians, and to strike down the criminal pacifism of internal enemies of the country. As before, it was Benito Mussolini who organised and inspired them. In his paper, Il Popolo d'Italia, he fulminated against the treachery of parties and against their poisonous propaganda. He did all this while convalescing from serious wounds received at the front.

As Bolitho notes naught of the moral regeneration of Italy when "the rout of Caporetto was changed in a few months into the great victories of Montello and of Vittorio Veneto, which latter shortened the war by six months for the Allies and disintegrated one of the world's most powerful military empires" it is natural that he should not credit Fascismo with having been the inspiring factor in the production of the miracle.

The irony of Bolitho does not lessen the importance of the historical facts as enumerated by Cippico that during the Winter months of 1919-1920 "a good third of Italy was Red," that "over 2,000 of the most flourishing communes were in the hands of the Communists" and that "the Government was incapable of protecting the public against the outrages of the Reds, who imposed themselves more and more on the life of the people by means of assaults, strikes, blackmail, usurpation and occupation of factories and land." But Bolitho naturally condemns with all vigor and with infinite respect for the horrid details what Cippico witnessed as "a whole series of just reprisals, which silently and systematically organized the defense of the nation."

All of which is doubtless true and Cippico would probably not deny its verity. Still, two things should be remembered: The danger threatening the country was very real, and it is not possible, often not desirable, to discipline a volunteer revolutionary army bent on rescuing their patria from her proclaimed enemies.

But with the rescue achieved, why the march on Rome? Why the insistence of Mussolini to turn the Partito Facista into a Reggiamento Fascista? Had the Duce ignored the call of both party and a large majority of the people in October, 1922, he would have treasonably surrendered his country to the very enemies from which the Fascisti had rescued it—the old opportunist politicians, a Parliament that rarely legislated on account of party or individual enmities, with a revival of Communism and of weak governments, each struggling for supremacy in the old, approved democratic way.

Since both books were written, Fascismo has emerged from its paradoxical, phenomenal stage and become a political, scientific fact, constantly growing more independent of its founder. It is to be accepted or rejected as such. Senator Cippico's book is an argument for acceptance, Bolitho's one for rejection. The choice, however, will largely depend on whether Fascismo is great enough and enduring enough to justify the means which brought it into being as a form of government, utterly unknown to the modern world and antagonistic to its, so far, prescribed democratic development.

Little Rollo Goes to College

ROLLO'S JOURNEY TO CAMBRIDGE. By John T. Wheelwright and Frederic J. Stimson. Illustrations and covers by Francis G. Attwood. Memorial Edition, with a foreword by Edward S. Martin. 30 pp. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

GREECE has its Homer, Italy its Dante, England its Shakespeare; but America has—the Rollo Books. This classic of antiquity is little known to the present and unregenerate generation, which has little respect for the past, and no appreciation of its monuments. Yet great men considered their greatness enhanced by the acquaintanceship.

"I knew him well, Horatio."

"Who, my Lord?"

"Rollo."

Greatness is always imitated, imitation being the least expensive form of flattery; hence the only, the inimitable, the original Rollo begat, as it were, innumerable little Rollos. These, his namesakes merely—we do not use the harsher and Elizabethan word—dogged on their progenitor's footsteps, even as the path of Marco Polo was followed by a host of little explorers. But only one Rollo, so far as the present writer is aware, entered college.

That the scion of so distinguished a family as the Holidays should choose Harvard—or have it chosen for him by his Uncle George—scarcely needs to be noted. Yale may have its Chauncey Depews and Columbia its Nicholas Murray Butlers—but Harvard had Rollo. And although he was not graduated therefrom, owing to an altercation with and a felonious assault upon the sacred body of a Cambridge policeman, but exited simultaneously from Cambridge and from Harvard via the gallows route (tears), nevertheless his history was chronicled by two distinguished contemporaries—John T. Wheelwright and Frederic J. Stimson, the latter more widely known, perhaps, by his pseudonym, "J. S. of Dale." This momentous chronicle originally appeared in the wise pages of The Harvard Lampoon, in the year 1879-1880. The illustrations were by Francis G. Attwood. And the whole is now faithfully reproduced and reprinted, with a foreword by that third wise man, Edward S. Martin.

Is the spirit of undergraduate humor to be caught and served up cold? No more than the bloom can be removed from the rose and transferred to m'lady's cheek. Is it not

notorious that she must seek a substitute? Is the aromatic flavor and bouquet of the distillation of juniper to be had from the synthetic concoction that passes now for gin? We opine not. The Rollo of Messrs. Wheelwright and Stimson was in the year 1879-1880 a far different Rollo than gambols somewhat wearily through the reprinted pages. The repartee is oversmart, smacking of Lewis Carroll more than it does of the repartee of the Rollo of the Rollo Books. Yet why cavil? Rollo is there, and Uncle George, and Jonas, and the Dean, and the horse cars, which lingered in Cambridge longer than elsewhere in the country, unless on West Broadway. The authors cast many gibes at the Law School, which had been recently established; and at the girls of the "Annex," even more recent.

The real function of the Rollo Books was, of course, moral. And this being known and understood by the youthful mentors of the Lampoon, it was incumbent on them to be moral likewise. In the following, Mr. Charles, a proctor, is escorting to Boston a young miss from the "Annex"—Dovey. She insists on a seat by the window of the car and compels Mr. Charles to ask Uncle George to relinquish his.

> Mr. Charles, mortified at the absurd figure he had made, bowed to Mr. George, and sat down beside Dovey, in a state of greater alienation of heart from her than he had experienced before. And as this book may, perhaps, be read sometimes by girls as well as boys, I will here, for their benefit, add the remark that there is no possible way by which a lady can more effectually destroy any kind feeling which a gentleman may entertain for her than by forcing him to exhibit himself thus in an awkward and ridiculous light, by her unreasonable exactions on journeys, or rides, or walks, or excursions of any kind that they may be taking together.

Is it necessary further to dilate on "Rollo's Journey to Cambridge?" It is clear that to read it will improve the morals and the mind. This should make it of some value. It should move to at least mild laughter; and the illustrations are not by any means to be neglected or despised. For some, perhaps, there will be in the modest little book of thirty pages something of the spirit of college reunion. But, as one Harvard man to another, the writer doubts if there be $2 worth of wit except for those who are willing to bid high for wit. The college jester is nimble company when we are of his age and institution. But we are taking this little reprint too seriously. De mortuis nil nisi bonum.

Sex Life of the Volcano

Mr. "Appian Way" Advances A Peculiar Theory

THE RIDDLE OF THE EARTH. By Appian Way. 251 pp. New York: Brentano's. $2.50.

Sangai, the Giant Volcano of the Andes.

WHEN a scientific book is bound like a novel, when the author signs himself "Appian Way," and the first chapter asserts that volcanoes, earthquakes, tornadoes, mine explosions and tidal waves are all caused by unseen meteors bombarding the earth, the reviewer had better be wary. For all he knows the book may turn into a melodrama or a Jules Verne travel story. But in this case the same earnest vein is maintained throughout the volume. And in spite of a dreadful possibility that Mr. Way may be kidding after all, the only thing to do is to treat his amazing book as a serious scientific work.

To be brief, Mr. Way has meteors on the brain. He has followed the primrose path which leads so many unwary scientists to destruction. Instead of cautiously testing his new theory by comparing it with others and slowly working it into alignment with previous observations, he throws away all facts not in support of it and puts in their place a collection of strange notions gathered from the weirdest sources. Mythology and the Phallic mysteries stand side by side with curiously perverted geology and chemistry. Sometimes when his facts become a trifle hazy, and Mr. Way's facts have an alarming habit of doing this, he launches forth into incantations worthy of the most long-bearded astrologer. Now what is a sober scientist to make of the following statement:

> The function of a volcano is to produce. It obeys, as has been observed before, the laws of sex, inasmuch as it is the receptive, the female principle. * * * They [the ancient Aryans] worshiped nature in the way scientists must discover that nature manifests itself, the meteor as the male, the volcano as the female, and the fruits of their unison being creation.

I must confess that the fundamental idea of the book is a wonderfully audacious and stimulating one. Too bad it has so little to support it. The idea is this. In short, Mr. Way has come to the conclusion that volcanoes owe their activity to their power of attracting meteors from outer space. He doesn't seem very sure about how this attraction operates, for at one time he calls it magnetic, at another credits the power to the gases given out by the crater, and yet again lets drop a dark hint that the eternal feminine is attracting the wandering male. At any rate, the first meteor to strike in a certain spot remains underground in a heated state and gives off this mysterious influence which draws other meteors from space to cause subsequent eruptions. He admits himself a trifle puzzled as to how a meteor having buried itself in the earth can remain hot for thousands of years, like the one which he assumes is under the hot springs at Bath, but a little thing like this doesn't bother him much. The meteor was extremely large or perhaps extremely hot.

After he has stated his theory Mr. Way devoted most of the book to a rather disorderly marshaling of any facts which seem to support it. There is undoubtedly a great deal about volcanoes that we don't understand, but it isn't good sense to assume that because the established theory shows some rough places, another theory much more shaky must be the correct one. For example, he takes great joy in observing that a volcano is likely to develop other craters near the main one. Triumphantly he asks why the lava doesn't follow the path of least resistance and emerge by the regular route. This, he says, disproves the whole theory that the lava comes from within. His own theory is left intact, for meteors are apt to miss their marks and fall to one side of the crater they were aiming for.

Consistently throughout the book Mr. Way has ignored numerous facts which don't fall into line. For instance, he observes that almost all active volcanoes are on the seacoast and that none are in the centres of continents. He seems to be unaware that this alone is enough to disprove his meteor hypothesis. There isn't any reason why meteors should prefer to land near the sea.

It would be useless to attempt to list the errors Mr. Way has made in stating his facts. Apparently he looks over all the theories regarding a matter and takes the one best suited to his purpose without caring if it's been discredited. At other times he is merely careless or ignorant. For instance, he states that certain elements unite with the oxygen of the air to form rain. Hydrogen is the only element which could do this, and it is not mentioned.

In the latter part of the book Mr. Way makes several deviations from the main theme to discuss mythology and astronomy. His mythology is certainly original, if nothing else. Prometheus, he says, was not a Titan, but a volcano which attracted fire in the form of meteors from heaven. When it comes to astronomy, Mr. Way shows an appalling ignorance. He still thinks that comets are tremendous bodies, several times as large as the moon, with tails of incandescent gases, whereas it is commonplace knowledge that they're of small mass, with tails not trailing behind them, but driven off by light pressure from the sun.

In short, Mr. Way's method is theological rather than scientific. A theologian takes a hunch and tries to find facts to support it, while a scientist takes an observation and tries to find its relation to fact and other observations. Mr. Way has taken a theological interest in his meteor theory. He has convinced himself and can't see any other point of view. The late Mr. Bryan took the same stand on the Book of Genesis. No statement was too wild or too uncertain if it only agreed with his preconceived opinion. Facts were only brought forward to convince ignorant or stupid unbelievers of something incontestably true. Mr. Way has the same attitude toward his meteor theory. It is an article of faith with him, to which the rest of the world ought to subscribe. The whole tone of the book suggests a hurried search through the Britannica for support for a theory conceived in a moment of inspiration. It's a nice theory and a picturesque one, but it will take more than this hasty volume to prove it.

When W. H. Hudson Was a Gloomy Realist

FAN. By W. H. Hudson. 376 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

IT IS now about a third of a century since the appearance of a novel entitled "Fan" by an author who called himself "Henry Harford." But it is only of recent years that Harford has been identified with W. H. Hudson; and it was only with the utmost reluctance that, shortly before his death, Hudson gave his consent to the reissuance of the story under his own name. It appears, indeed, that the book has never been much of a favorite either with its creator or with the critics, and has been generally regarded as the unworthy product of a great hand; yet whether this verdict be justified is distinctly subject to question, and the reappearance of the book will at least provide an opportunity for controversy among Hudson enthusiasts.

At the first glance, the reader will discover that the contrasts which "Fan" offers to the author's other books are greater than the resemblances. Here is none of the fairy-like romance and gossamer loveliness of "Green Mansions"; here is none of the delicate fancy and dream-sweet tranquillity of "A Crystal Age," none of the galloping movement and robustness and exotic coloring of "The Purple Land," and still less of the serene meditative and reminiscent mood of "Far Away and Long Ago," or the eager analysis of natural phenomena and events to be found in "A Hind in Richmond Park," "Idle Days in Patagonia," or any one of sundry other volumes. In "Fan" we meet with a Hudson that does not seem to be Hudson at all; he is more like George Gissing or even like Charles Dickens than like the wanderer in far countries and the dreamer of magnificent dreams of whom we are reminded by the usual mention of his name.

In other words, he has for once abandoned fantastic imaginings and remote romance for a story of dusty tenements and garish streets, of squalor and ugliness and pitiful striving and despair. And at the same time he has fallen very much into the groove of the conventional story teller by tracing the gradual rise of his central character from indigence and blank misery to good fortune and happiness; and he has explained that rise not by the inevitable compulsion of events but merely by a series of coincidences and random strokes of good luck such as would seem to be more common in fiction than in life; and so, in the broadest sense, his work cannot be regarded as realism at all, since it appears to adhere more to the pattern of the author's imaginings than of experience, and seems to have been intended less as a criticism of life than as a source of entertainment.

The story itself tells of the adventures of a young girl, "Fan," whom we first meet dwelling wretchedly in the poorer part of London with the wasted charwoman who is her mother and the drunken beast who is her mother's husband but not her father. Following the death of her mother in a street brawl, Fan is left to her own resources, and sets out with no success to earn her own living; but at the moment of her bleakest misery she is rescued by a kindly stranger, a certain Mary Starbrow, who brings her to live amid comforts such as she has never known before. But Miss Starbrow, while having many estimable qualities, is of an intolerably jealous disposition; and after she has cast Fan from her for some fancied injury, the girl is left once more to fend for herself, and finds herself again joining the multitudes of London wage-earners. But here, as so often in fiction, "All's well that ends well"—and it need only be stated that, before the final curtain, Fan has again risen in life, while the minor characters have prospered so well as to leave the reader with few if any regrets.

There are two ways of judging the merits of the book—and both ways are comparative. In the first place, one may place "Fan" side by side with other realistic works in the same general category—and from this test the story does not emerge so badly.

But it is when tested by the gauge of Hudson's other volumes that "Fan" proves most deficient. There is a warm, a radiant and a vivid personality which is peculiarly Hudson's and which suffuses most of what he has written—and this personality makes its appearance only by infrequent gleams and flickers throughout the greater part of "Fan." There is, moreover, a distinctive imaginative quality and a strong and glowing love of the beautiful which one has come to associate with the name of Hudson—and these too are notable in "Fan" chiefly for their scarcity. It would seem, indeed, that the book has been written not out of that vibrant inner prompting which one can feel throughout Hudson's better works, but rather out of some cold and sober resolution of the author to write the book regardless of his deeper desires. At heart Hudson was romantic, and the commonplace facts of everyday existence were not those that made the deepest appeal to him; and so, when he set out to recount such commonplace facts, his personality could not expand to his full potentiality, and he could not display the enthusiasm and consequently the power he exhibits in "Green Mansions" and "A Crystal Age." In "Fan" he proves that, when he sets out to write in the traditional realistic vein, he is versatile enough to succeed better than the average; but he also proves that realism is not his proper medium, and that his works are vastly more distinctive and vastly more impressive when they deal with the imaginative and the far away.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

How to Detect the Presence Of True Art

One Book for Advanced Students—Another for Beginners

THE ART IN PAINTING. By Albert C. Barnes. 106 illustrations. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

ART FOR AMATEURS AND STUDENTS. By George J. Cox. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

By H. I. BROCK

QUANTITY production of art connoisseurs is now one of the principal industries of this country. That it is so may be regarded, if you choose, as the economically logical result of the raids of our millionaire collectors upon the art treasures of Europe.

Degas's "La Danseuse au Bouquet," About 1877.

Pastel. Caimondo Collection, Louvre, Paris.

Soutine.

Barnes Foundation.

Hence the accumulation in our midst of a vast body or art which has got—to justify the money investment—to be adequately appreciated by a very large number of persons. To give the devil no more than his due, the obligation laid upon us as a people has been solemnly accepted by a considerable proportion of the population North, South, East and West.

At least one Summer in Europe, spent in preparing ourselves to enjoy what we have acquired by taking a birdseye view of what is still left over there, has (by most of us who could anyway manage it) been conscientiously assumed as a duty. Even the Americans who go to Europe once or twice every year as a routine recreation—even these Americans have, as a rule, included in their program the art galleries and the cathedrals—or a few of them—as well as the restaurants and nocturnal resorts.

So far so good. But this is only a beginning. We must be instructed, and since we have always been a great people for getting our culture out of books, books on art must be plentifully provided. They must be books for all ages and all stages of art appreciation, from the most elementary to the most advanced. But there must be about every one of them a certain flattering unction of the reader as one of the elect. Because we are tremendously conscious of our high calling. If we are not all of us already arrived connoisseurs of art, we are on our way to being so. And, anyway, this connoisseur business is progressive. One is perpetually passing from one circle to a circle still higher. Culture grows apace under the glass which our American methods—and American money—provide for forcing it.

The two books before us are cases in point.

In the first and larger volume the collector speaks to those who already know quite a lot about paintings, if not about painting. He lectures those who are considerably familiar with objects of art, even if about art itself they are ignorant or lamentably misguided.

In the second volume the professor of art speaks to those who are somewhere near the beginning of their acquaintance with art. Both books are concerned with giving currency to true values of art as their authors severally conceive those values.

Mr. Barnes is a gentleman of profitable commercial antecedents who has a notable and controversial art collection not far outside of Philadelphia — a collection which he has erected into the Barnes Foundation. It includes, among other things of admitted value, works of some of the most discussed French paintings of the school which has only recently ceased to be modern. Renoir and Cézanne are largely represented, and these two are, in Mr. Barnes's index of fixed stars in the artistic firmament, classed with century-proved masters—with Giotto, Giorgione, Titian, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Rubens, El Greco, Velasquez. The list is the author's own, and his confidence in his competence to make it and to include in it two men not a generation dead is a part of the hardihood that success engenders. It is the same confidence which enables him to offer the world a guaranteed, reliable method of analysis for determining the presence of true art in a given expanse of painted surface.

This is no place for assaying art criticism—especially art criticism officially uttered by a collector-connoisseur. Moreover, this reviewer freely confesses that his own technical knowledge of the art of painting falls far short of the modicum required for applying the method which Mr. Barnes finds so satisfactory. It appears, however, that a basic requirement of the method is the elimination of all question of the subject matter; the treatment of the canvas or panel as a mere pattern in paint—a thing of line, color, light and dark, and the composition which results.

This is, of course, not a new method. It has even from the painter's point of view and for his technical and professional purposes its function—a most important one. But the layman can hardly fail to distrust its complete competence when it comes to the final verdict on a work of art which must stand the test of time and many generations of painters, critics and—laymen.

For, by analogy, mere words masterly composed together should be literature. Whereas, in fact—and here the reviewer can speak of what he knows—mere words are nothing unless the word-wizard has something to say that is quite worth using the words to say it, and the literature is greatest when it is a great thing so said that the manner of saying it is utterly forgotten in the powerful thrust of the meaning.

If subject-matter is nothing and the pattern of the words everything, what is the essential difference between Homer and Walter Pater? And is the layman to be left to the tender mercies of the appliers of infallible methods which in one generation rule out Shakespeare, as ruthlessly as in another they rule out Colley Cibber? It appears that Mr. Barnes's method has found favor in academic circles—that it is applied in art courses in the University of Pennsylvania and at Columbia University. So it very well and usefully might be applied—as a check upon the students' indulgence of personal tastes not too well trained and too much enslaved to personal inclination to or from particular subject-matter. The pull of the pretty-girl cover is not as strong as it used to be—but it remains as evidence of the very low level of automatic art criticism in the country before the quantity production of American connoisseurs got going. The artist is entitled to insist upon the maintenance of art in art.

But, when one is told that Rembrandt's disposition of lighting effects in the case of the "Old Woman Paring Her Nails" reduces that outstanding example of the Dutchman's art to melodrama and cheapens it accordingly, one has a right to ask, What, after all, is melodrama? At what point does the cheapness enter into the drama which is not afraid of high spots and low—even though the high spots pierce the heavens and the low spots dip into the depths of hell? In the sense in which "The Old Lady" is melodrama, the "Iliad" is melodrama. In that sense also, "Oedipus Rex" and "Hamlet" are the rankest sort of melodrama, theatrically high-lighted as to the utmost.

It is a fair question, indeed, whether melodrama is not very often merely drama that the fellow who calls it so does not like or does not feel quite comfortable with. In short, it seems quite logical to infer that Mr. Barnes does not like "The Old Lady" as well as he likes some other pictures by Rembrandt, just as the writer of these lines does not like "Hamlet" as well as he likes some others of Shakespeare's plays. For that matter, Mr. Barnes does like Renoir and Cézanne better than he likes some other painters who might be thought by judges just as competent as Mr. Barnes to be superior to Renoir and Cézanne. For instance, not to go very far afield, there are to be found champions of Manet against both of them.

Again, if Mr. Barnes condemns Van Dyck as a sorry decadent from the great line of Dutch masters and dismisses with scorn all the English portrait painters, he is well within his privileges. What is an absolute method of art criticism for if it does not dispose of what the critic has no mind to? On the other hand, what is to be said for a person with no critical method to appeal to who wonders why Peter Paul Rubens is included in the list of absolute first-chop painters? It may be added that other art critics get short shrift from Barnes. Frank Jewett Mather and Elie Faure are each sharply rebuked; Bernard Berenson is not quite so cavalierly corrected.

However, the proof of the pudding is the eating. The volume undertakes the specific application of the Barnes method to more than a hundred paintings by painters from Giotto to Cézanne, Picasso and our American Glackens. The reader really ambitious to become a finished product of the great American art connoisseur canning factory might go a long way by following these analyses through. Without doubt the serious student of art for art's sake may also learn something. Perhaps he may learn much.

Matisse.

Barnes Foundation. Similar to Persian in the Use of Perspective.

Mr. Cox's book covers a wider field of art. It includes in its scope not only painting and drawing but architecture, sculpture and even such domestically applied arts as cabinet-making. If it is a sort of primer for connoisseurs in process, it is a very literary primer—self-consciously literary. In fact, there is so much writing for the writing sake that the meaning is often not as clear as it might be. Sometimes a chapter on a particular subject never seems to get past the literary introduction to the subject itself.

Nevertheless there is valuable instruction toward the goal at which the American's new responsibilities to his great art collectors are relentlessly driving him. You may learn a fair deal about art if you will. Or, if you prefer, you may learn how to listen not quite so blankly to people who talk about art. You may also get the hang of a few words and phrases for your personal use in emergencies such as society may at any time thrust upon you.

Take "rhythm" in plastic art, for instance. This is a tremendously important thing. What it is in music, or in a dancer moving to music, we all know generally, even if the achievement of it is beyond us. What rhythm is to drawing and sculpture is not so clear to many of us. Mr. Cox elucidates. It is "a fusion of line and form and color into one moving entity." Further, "rhythm leads the eye in a gay and happy manner about a picture, over a statue, along a border, leaving us excited or soothed or envious, according to the movement of the particular work of art." If that be definition, make the most of it.

The latter half of this book also is devoted to analyses. There are 200 and odd reproductions or representations of various works of art from classical Greek statues to modern illustrations—from the Parthenon, through the southwest, older or better, tower of the Cathedral of Chartres to the admirably composed Shelton Hotel in Lexington Avenue, New York. In each case you are furnished with a brief explanation of the artistic value of the exhibit or a telling comparison with adjacent exhibits. Confessedly these explanations and comparisons are for students and amateurs—but mere laymen can sometimes understand enough to profit by them. By laymen in this connection are meant those Americans or alien residents of the country who have not undertaken the civic duty of becoming art connoisseurs under the high pressure or hothouse system—you may use your own metaphorical preference. Mr. Cox has a special and quite readable chapter addressed to "the layman in search of a theory."

Aren't we all? Or are we at all?

Shuttles of the Seven Seas

Dr. Dennis Sings an Epic of Goods and Men

"Grangemouth Docks," a Poster Designed by Norman Wilkinson, R. I.

From "Advertising and British Art." By Walter Shaw Sparrow. (John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd., London.)

***THE ROMANCE OF WORLD TRADE.** By Alfred Pearce Dennis. 486 pp. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*

By EVANS CLARK

ONCE in a very long time some one with poetic imagination, like Dr. Dennis, lets himself go about industry and trade. Then the business man sheds the drab habiliments of dullness which literary folk have draped about him, and walks, free and unencumbered, among the great wide spaces of the world with the light of high adventure in his eyes and the halo of inventive genius about his brow. The hyperbole of this description is induced by reading Mr. Dennis's book. But, seriously and with due allowance for his effusive style and altogether prodigious enthusiasms, there is a great deal in what he says.

World trade is romantic—and that literature has failed to recognise the fact is surely not the fault of trade. The few writers, like Kipling, who have worked this vein have found it rich beyond imagination. All the elements of romance lie there in the richest profusion. Drama, motion, conflict in life, are what strike the attention and stir the emotions. Business reeks of them; and yet business for the average man and woman is—just business. That it should be so is primarily the fault of the literary artist. Interpreter of life, he has failed to put into the currency of common understanding what is surely the most important, and in many ways the most exciting, adventure of mankind.

This sorry failure is due to a number of reasons. First is the tradition of gentility: gentlemen were not "in trade" and it was gentlemen for whom the literary artist worked. In the days when trade was a mere matter of small-scale barter and sale and the strings of public affairs were pulled by a hereditary nobility, this literary snobbishness may have had some rational excuse—after all, the people who "did big things" were not in the trading class. But the industrial revolution has set the business man on the throne of public affairs and—certainly in the United States—has made trade the religion of the new commercial state of being.

"Religious and intellectual enthusiasts, fanatics and crusaders," Mr. Dennis remarks in another connection, "the world has always known, but here in America we have come to the age of commercial and business crusaders." The American business man, he says with penetration, "puts into his business a quality of spiritual devotion which in earlier ages was displayed only in the field of religion."

As a natural consequence the business man has antagonized the literary artist. A certain crudeness about him, a narrow-mindedness and lack of consideration for the broad masses of people—inevitable characteristics of the fanatic, whatever the object of his fanaticism may be—has offended the wide enthusiasm and sensitive understanding of really important writers. The misunderstanding has been cumulative, as distorted images have been thrown on the screen of public attention, until it has become a cult among the young writers of today. The snobbishness of the Mencken school of thought in its scorn of business and the business man has become a modern tradition of gentility—intellectual rather than social gentility.

Complexity has been another handicap from which trade has suffered; and not complexity alone, but a certain difficulty of approach and comprehension, which has obscured the play of forces on the economic field. The general, the statesman, the painter, the inventor perform their parts in the spotlight of public attention and their achievements win instant applause. Not so with the business man. He hides his light under the bushel of trade secrecy, when it is not blurred by an atmosphere of the usual and everyday. The magnitude of his works is hidden in bills of lading, in the maze of figures in an annual report, in columns upon columns of statistics—wrappings which the temperamental artist finds it difficult and repugnant to disengage.

But Mr. Dennis suffers from none of these unfortunate shortcomings. He sees business, as of course it is, the chief concern of all mankind; expressive in its various manifestations of the great drama of the human spirit. In the prodigious march of industry into unknown regions of production, distribution and organization which has been accomplished through the use of the machine, Mr. Dennis sees a stirring conquest, a glorious triumph. So eloquently does he speak of all this that the more discriminating reader will perhaps forgive him for overlooking the casualties and the human suffering which have been the price of victory, and for ignoring the black dangers that loom ahead.

Mr. Dennis does not, like most literary folk, live in a narrow circle composed entirely of others like himself and completely insulated from the great currents of common experience, writing about himself and his friends as if they were of supreme importance. Mr. Dennis has himself gone up and down the highways and byways of the world, seeing with his own eyes and feeling deeply what he saw—and he has worked over the multitude of his impressions with a vivid imagination into a pattern full of color and full of meaning. That the pattern should be woven with a somewhat crude technique in only the brightest shades and with a tiresome sameness—even repetition—cannot spoil the net effect.

> World business [he writes] is something to stir a man's imagination. Western civilization with its commercial life molded by an adventurous pioneering genius, ever seeking to push aside the mysterious veil that divides the known from the unknown. The charm of life is mystery. That which lies ahead of the explorer, the merchant adventurer in all ages, is the lure of the unknown—the struggle to do something better than it has ever been done before. Up against the awful brevity of human life our impressions are mere peeps at the biograph. Certain of these impressions I am striving to reproduce. Impressions of movement, color, the efflorescence of human genius in the traffickings of world commerce.

Most people, due to failure of literature to give a common understanding of the world of trade, think of the nations of the world as figures on a map, or in terms of language, size, topography, literary or musical output, or some other comparatively unimportant category. Mr. Dennis makes them stand out vividly in terms of what the people do for a living.

England is "the world's office, clearing house, home of the finishing trades and chief carrier of the sea-borne trade of the world. Our ways are the land ways of a continent; our symbol the covered wagon. Britain's ways are the water ways of the great globe itself, the symbol of her commercial power an ocean vessel propelled by wind or steam."

Belgium he characterizes as "a human ant hill, pulsating with industrial activity." Italy is "a country poor in natural resources but rich in the artistic work of men's hands, importing tourists, exporting the only valuable commodity of which the country produces an important surplus, human labor"; while Greece is the "glorified pack peddler, hawker of tobacco and currants, cheapest operator of tramp steamers in the world."

The book as a whole suffers somewhat from a lack of cohesion and orderly development, doubtless due largely to the fact that the chapters in it were articles which appeared in the magazines. It gives the effect of having been thrown together without any attempt to tie in the separate parts with the thread of logical sequence or to prune away overlapping material.

Mr. Dennis's chief concern is with European conditions as they affect the economic destinies of the United States. Great Britain he sees in a critical situation with America as her "most formidable rival for the trade of the world." The British have suffered from a severe contraction of their foreign markets—China, where "the mightiest imperialism of the world is pitted against the inert pacifism of teeming millions," is now boycotting British goods; Russia, Turkey, Central Europe are at least temporarily eliminated as heavy buyers. British coal and steel supremacy is seriously impaired; British labor is about half as efficient as American and British agriculture is in a state of serious decline.

But Mr. Dennis is not one of those who believe Britain to be at the end of her tether of commercial dominance. After all, he points out, England is still the "broker, banker and common carrier of the world."

> People who talk about New York as the world's money centre have not grasped the realities of world trade. The trade of the world is the historic development of centuries. That trade is conducted through London. So long as London remains the world's clearing house, so long will London remain the world's banking centre. When we have established banks on the upper reaches of the Hoangho, the Nile, the Zambesi, the Niger; when the bills of Laplanders, Afghans, Abyssinians and South Sea Islanders pass current on the Island of Manhattan, then and not till then may New York rightfully claim to rank, as London, as the world's banking centre.

Mr. Dennis emphasizes the great reserves of British trade—a far-flung empire, tied together by British investments and consequent priorities, the friendliness of the Government and public opinion to great combinations of capital, the British monopoly of rubber, jute and tin, and, more important than them all, the "personal influence of the individual British trader." In the great jockeying for economic position which is now on between the world's leading nations, however, Mr. Dennis sees the United States and Great Britain as friendly rivals rather than as cut-throat competitors.

> Our success in foreign trade depends but very slightly upon meeting British competition. It is not a duel à l'outrance; in fact, it is not a duel at all. In world trade the British are our customers rather than our competitors. Of our total trade, foreign and domestic, probably less than 1 per cent. encounters British competition in world markets.

Following Great Britain, Mr. Dennis discusses the economic future of Italy, whose "growing commercial importance, despite enormous handicaps, is one of the most impressive facts in contemporary economic history"; and other "trade physiognomies"—France's position as a "great shop enjoying the unprecedented rush of business incident to the conduct of a fire sale"; "the decorous dullness of the Dutch * * * criticized as unimaginative * * * but clever enough to balance their budget, pay their debts and keep their trade balance on the right side of the ledger"; the dogged Germans, out of whose laboratories "issues synthetic indigo," among other products, manufactured for a few cents a pound, and "laying waste an ancient industry in India which for generations had been worth millions of dollars annually"; Belgium, with its vast Congo empire, "toiling up the steep ascent of monetary reconstruction."

He describes the "invisibles of world trade"—the inexplicable foibles of nations which all traders must take account of; the drama of American business and its extreme mobility—the kaleidoscopic "shifts in natural resources, occupations, manufacturing, distribution." He writes dramatically of the "ceaseless change, the restlessness, the mysterious ebb and flow of cotton" in the markets of the world, and devotes an entire chapter to Egypt, "probably the most perfect and extensive farming laboratory that the world has yet seen."

Mr. Dennis is particularly interested in the relation between agriculture and national prosperity. "Our concern for what Europe eats" is prodigious. "Our stake in Europe affects not only the payroll of our factory workers but the welfare of every man who tills the soil." In his analysis of the results of the great war on agriculture in Europe he shows a nice balance between the strictly economic and the more broadly human points of view.

> The whole course of the agrarian revolution in Europe was to break up the great estates and parcel them out among the landless men who had neither the capital, intelligence nor agricultural technique to get out of the soil what it had to give. * * * From a purely economic standpoint, the break-up of the land in Eastern Europe has been a loss, an absolute, irremediable loss to agriculture for years to come. * * * [But] measured by the canons of distributive justice, the wisdom of the agrarian revolution is justified of her children. * * * The landless man has come into his own, and many drifting, dependent wretches in Russia, Rumania and Eastern Poland have at last struck root in the soil.

Mr. Dennis closes with two chapters on primarily American concerns. In discussing the "problem of business integration" he reopens the whole subject of whether the trust is a good thing or bad, which the muckrakers of a former generation thought they had settled forever. He points to the great British combinations of Vickers and the Vestey meat trust as examples of monopolistic concerns on whose record the public verdict has undoubtedly been approval. In his final chapter he pays a glowing tribute to the work of the Department of Commerce under the generalship of Herbert Hoover, in whom he sees a symbol of "our great Western civilization"; a man who "stands in quintessential relationship to his generation."

Discipline of the Benedictines

***THE BENEDICTINES.** By Edouard Schneider. Authorised translation from the French by the Rev. Johan Liljencrants. The Great Monastic Orders Series. 222 pp. New York: Greenberg, Publishers. $2.*

THIS volume initiates a series of studies of the monastic orders being prepared under the direction of the author of "The Benedictines," who is a member of the Faculty of the Sorbonne. He prefaces his account of this order with the story of the life of its founder, St. Benedict, basing it on the narrative of St. Gregory. Then he takes up the daily life of the Benedictine monks, beginning with the nocturnal vigils, following them through their daily routine of matins, lauds and prime, and on to the hour of compline. There is an account of the uses of the chapter-house, the administrative head of the monastery, followed by an explanation of the division of labor among the monks and of the spirit that controls all work.

The chapter on the refectory describes quite fully the customs that are observed at mealtimes and notes differences between those of the present time and those of ancient days. The few minutes of recreation which the Benedictine brothers can take in the monastery garden inspire Professor Schneider with profound admiration of the place and of the monks who walk humbly therein and converse briefly and discreetly. He opens his chapter on the library by quoting an old proverb which, he says, is "cherished above all others in the Benedictine order, that a monastery without a library is like a camp without an arsenal." He tells how the monastic library was developed, what it meant to civilization in other ages and what it means today to the inmates of the monastery. In a final chapter, on "The Benedictine Spirit," the author says: "Love—after all I have said I should like this word to remain in the memory of those who have read my narrative as the symbol of the spirit of the Benedictine monks."

As a Letter Writer Andrew Jackson Was a Good Hater

His Correspondence From 1790 to 1815 Reveals Neither Himself Nor His Times

CORRESPONDENCE OF ANDREW JACKSON. Edited by John Spencer Bassett. Vol. I, to April 30, 1816. 506 pp. Washington: Published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington.

By CHARLES McD. PUCKETTE

THE personality and the tradition of Andrew Jackson reach down through the years as do those of no other President of the "middle period" of American history. The tradition is democratic; Jackson's rise to the chief magistracy was significant of a strong popular movement among a class which before that time had not shared in the Government of the republic. Professor William Graham Sumner remarked that Jackson was the first President to go out of office in greater public favor than when he went in. The personality was a vigorous one; Jackson was a good fighter and hater, and as an executive a man of action. His State, Tennessee, remembers him and keeps his memory so green that his following there has been described as a cult. The Democratic Party observes Jackson Day every year.

The first volume of a series of six authorized is to fill in a historical gap which should be closed; the correspondence or private papers of other leaders of the period have been published. Adequate biographies of the Great Expunger have appeared, notably that by Professor Bassett, who edits this collection. But the documents having to do with Jackson's life and deeds have not been available. The decision to assemble and print them is justified by this first volume, even though the most nationally significant years of his life are not reached herein. Among the factors which distinguish Jackson's career from those of his predecessors was the circumstance that he was the first President to come from any but the older Atlantic Seaboard States. He was from the frontier, and his correspondence in its entirety will bridge the interesting transition from this theatre to that of the capital.

The Hermitage, Nashville, Tennessee.

Yet Jackson in his papers is not wholly satisfactory. The Jackson of civil life—not to be confused with civil, meaning courteous—even in the picturesque setting of Tennessee, between 1790-1815 is just a little disappointing. His letters do not reveal amply and freely either the man himself or the life of which he was a part. With Jackson his sword was mightier than his pen. How different is he when he takes the field at the head of his troops! The language of general orders, of proclamations to his men, of military reports of his expeditions comes from him more readily than do the paragraphs of letters about merchandise and farm management. The most interesting, the most Jacksonian parts of the book are those dealing with his interrupted march to New Orleans in 1813 and his warfare against the Creek Indians.

At the time when this collection of letters begins Jackson was a solicitor for the public, and later a judge of the State Supreme Court. The law was not his forte, as Professor Bassett remarks, although he was requested by the bar of the State to remain in office; the truth was that in a frontier State stout courage was more prized than deep knowledge of the law. Jackson had the fearless courage. He retired to his place, the Hermitage, to be a planter and merchant (in which he was not notably successful), and he dealt in land. He also was a sportsman. The second paper in the volume is a recipe for feeding a fighting cock.

A Memorandum How to Feed a Cock Before You Him Fight.

Take and give him some Pickle Beaf Cut fine 3 times a Day and give him sweet Milk Instead of water to Drink give him Dry Indien Corn that hase been Dryn Up in smoke give him lighte wheat Bread Soked in sweet Milk feed him as Much as he Can Eat for Eaight Days Orrange Town in Orange County

Other letters deal with horse racing, particularly with the victory of Jackson's horse Truxtun, over Ploughboy, upon which event $10,000 was won.

Jackson and his wife, Rachel Donelson, have recently been the subject of controversy which aroused Tennessee at least. A writer's reflections upon the culture and character of the two drew a storm of rejoinders. The letters in this volume reveal that the Jacksons were poor spellers even for the time and the place, although Professor Bassett remarks that in his orthography Jackson was as good as his friends. The letters of Thomas H. Benton and of Thomas Pinckney of South Carolina to Jackson stand out by comparison. The quarrelsomeness and the hot-headedness of the man are abundantly shown. His abusive letters to Sevier in his efforts to provoke a duel, and his words leading up to his famous fatal encounter with Dickinson reveal clearly the regrettable side of his character. In his fight with Dickinson, the first shots missed; he allowed his opponent to fire again, and then carefully took aim and pulled the trigger. The hammer stopped at half-cock. The seconds conferred and it was ruled that a snap was not a fire and Jackson was entitled to shoot. He raised his pistol again and Dickinson fell dead. The public outcry was so great that Jackson contemplated leaving the State. The affair of the brawl with Benton in which Jackson was wounded is also fully covered. Incidentally a letter to Sevier dated June 24, 1798 is taken by the editor to prove that Jackson's reconciliation with him lasted longer than has been supposed. On Oct. 9, 1808, he writes to Sevier that he has "spoke for a place in the paper on Monday next," and will publish this advertisement:

To all who shall see these presents Greeting. Know ye that I Andrew Jackson, do pronounce, publish and declare to the world, that his excellency John Sevier, Captain General and commander-in-chief of the land and naval forces of the State of Tennessee, is a base coward and poltroon. He will basely insult, but has not courage to repair, Andrew Jackson.

The communication to William Dickson, a candidate for Congress, is a political questionnaire showing the Democratic principles of Jackson. He writes:

Sir, the public mind has been lately led to believe that your political sentiments are doubtful, and some have held you up as an aristocrat. These reasons have operated upon me to call upon you to answer the following interrogatories:

First: are you and have you always been an admirer of the true Whig principles of '76?

Have you always been an admirer of State authorities?

Are you now and have you always been an admirer of the Constitution of the U. States, friendly to its administration, agreeable to the true literal meaning of the instrument, and banishing the dangerous doctrine of implication?

Have you always been and are you now opposed to standing armies in time of peace?

Are you now, and have you always been inimical to a standing naval armament?

Are you now and have you always been, opposed to foreign political connexions?

Are you now, and have you always been opposed to the extension of the Executive patronage?

Have you always been and are you now, an advocate for freedom of religion, and the freedom of the Press?

Are you now and have you always been friendly to economy in the public disbursements, and an enemy to the system of loans?

And lastly, are you a real Republican in principle and will you be a Republican in practice?

Several papers deal with Aaron Burr's visit to Nashville in 1806; Jackson's earlier championing of Burr will be remembered. Later Jackson's opponents charged him with complicity with Burr. Jackson's letter to Campbell dated Jan. 15, 1807, given in full, refutes any such idea. Dr. Bassett remarks that Parton, in his biography of Jackson, made some unaccountable textual changes in reprinting the letter.

The latter half of the volume is chiefly given over to Jackson the soldier. The Creeks were active in 1808 and killed twenty-five persons on the banks of the Tennessee. In his division orders Jackson writes:

Prepare then for retaliation, the relation of this horrid scene will rouse our countrymen. they will pant for the orders of our government to punish the ruthless foe, who has deprived us of our fellow Citizens of our Brothers our wifes and our children and the influence that gave it birth. You will therefore without delay place your Brigade in compleat readiness to march at a minute's warning.

Jackson the Democrat believed in the militia as the nation's defense—though his later experiences with their mutinous and unpatriotic conduct in his Creek warfare must have shaken his faith in the system. In a letter to Governor Blount in 1810 he complained of lack of discipline and Congress's failure to pass proper laws. He advocated having a militia in two classes, the first, from 18 to 28 years, and the second, from 28 to 40. He goes into considerable detail, for he was ardently interested:

From the scenes of corruption, that has lately been discovered in the génl of our regular army, the ideas contained in the constitution is verified. that the sure defence and Bulwork of our Liberty is in a well organized militia.

The abortive march toward New Orleans in 1813 to prepare for the taking of Florida is fully treated in the papers. It was assumed that the British, Spain consenting, would use Florida as a base. Jackson moved with dispatch upon receipt of orders and reached Natchez on his way to join Wilkinson; here he received the brief orders of the new Secretary of War, Armstrong, to disband his men. He vigorously protested and marched his men to their State again before discharging them. The Jackson here revealed is of more heroic proportions. The correspondence printed seems to bear out Armstrong's later statement that he did not think the men would be dismissed in Natchez.

The language of Jackson's proclamation to his soldiers is truly martial. He apparently relished this form of literary effort. In his division orders, dated at the Hermitage, March 7, 1812, he writes:

Citizens! Your government has at last yielded to the impulse of the nation. Your impatience is no longer restrained. The hour of national vengeance is now at hand. The eternal enemies of american prosperity are again to be taught to respect your rights, after having been compelled to feel, once more, the power of your arms. War is on the point of breaking out between the united States and the King of great Britain! and the martial hosts of america are summoned to the Tented Fields!

Another stirring one is to his troops in their expedition against the Creeks.

The last 100 pages cover the Creek warfare. Here Jackson's resolution was tried to the utmost by the conduct of the men who had volunteered for short periods and wished to return home. He commanded and threatened; he executed one Woods; he placed his artillery and faithful troops and gave orders to shoot down any who quit the camp. Jackson acted with decision and vigor in his prosecution of the war when opportunity offered. Jackson appealed to Blount for more men; and the extraordinary scathing reply of old Hickory to the Governor's suggestion that he give up the warfare is printed here in full. It is doubtful whether any Executive ever received anything even remotely like it. And Blount did as Jackson exhorted. He sent more troops.

In the closing pages is a description of the glorious victory of Jackson at Tohopheka on the Tallapoosa, in which his troops slew 800 Indians and captured 300 others. Jackson lost fifty-seven men. It was a bloody struggle at close quarters. His leadership had justified itself; he gathered the fruits of victory by marching throughout the Creek country, destroying towns and completing the conquest. It is a fitting ending to this first volume.

"No Mercy East of the Hellespont"

FOUR YEARS BENEATH THE CRESCENT. By Rafael de Nogales. Translated from the Spanish by Muna Lee. 416 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

SOLDIERS of fortune from time immorial have followed in the wake of every war. They have lent a romantic glamour to history. Their exploits dominated the age of chivalry when a knight who heard of a good war rode to it. And if the phrase has lost some of its Homeric color in these days, it still serves to dramatize the horrors and savageries of modern warfare. The advantages of Lawrence in Arabia, on one side of the fence, are perhaps only exceeded by those of Rafael de Nogales Bey, on the other, by the sheer brutality and bloodiness of the scenes which the latter witnessed.

Every type of free-lance soldier who has taken up arms against a sea of trouble, whether he has fought for the love of fighting or has been driven into the ranks of a foreign legion, has been wont to describe himself as a soldier of fortune. But a man who has borne arms to escape the ennui of life and has been placed by circumstances in the defiles of death is too often a mere masquerader. A true soldier of fortune is perhaps a mixture of Don Quixote and Ali Baba. He is a born fighter whom the spirit of anarchy drives to adventure. He is a revolutionary by nature appointed, whose allegiances are measured by the rattle of musketry. Like statesmen he wars on the side of right against might, imagined or real. His code is that of a gentleman; his spirit is that of a knight; his courage is indomitable, and running through these, like the leitmotif in a martial air, is a strain of barbarity. Such a man is Rafael de Nogales Bey or, to give him his one-time style, "General" Rafael de Nogales-Mendez, Venezuelan rebel.

The author left Venezuela early in 1914 after having opposed that archtyrant of Venezuela, General Juan Vicente Gomez. For a time, having unsuccessfully defied him, he found shelter in British Trinidad, and upon the outbreak of the war crossed over to Europe and attempted, vainly, to join the Belgian Army. The offer of his services was characteristically refused. He would not give up his citizenship; he demanded a commission in the regular army, and neither France, Montenegro, Serbia or Russia would accept him. After being a shuttlecock of the Entente battledores he found himself in Sofia, where at length the Ottoman Empire secured his services without ceremony.

For four years he saw service in Armenia, Arabia and Asia Minor, witnessed scenes which no foreigner

(Continued on Page 28)

Three Idealistic German Novels

DIE FRAU AM QUELL (Woman at the Source). A novel by Paul Oskar Höcker. Berlin: August Scherl.

DENN SIE IST ERNTEREIF (For it Is Harvest-Time). A novel by Alice Pfiegel. Berlin: Eigenbrödler Verlag.

SEPTAKKORD (The Seventh-Chord). Four stories by Hans Frank. Leipsic: Hasssel Verlag.

BERLIN.

P. O. HÖCKER has taken a popular and timely subject for his new book. Since the time, long ago, when Isadora Duncan did pioneer work in introducing noble and inspired dancing to replace the rigid, conventional ballet with its pirouettes, toe dances and the rest, the individual art of dancing has been perfected in Germany. It is no longer taught in schools attached to the opera ensembles, but out of doors, in the open, in the woods and meadows; there, under the direction of enthusiastic teachers, its devotees develop into happy, vigorous, beautiful specimens of humanity to whom their art is more a matter of the spirit than of the senses. These young girls want to raise the level of human life in general with their presentations—they want to show how it can be imbued with passionate beauty worship, how the harmony of well-developed limbs must react on the harmony of mind and character. The study of dancing no longer leads to corruption and adventures in luxurious living. It has become a severe, austere ritual. But human frailties—hatred, envy, ambition and sensual enjoyment—penetrate even into these places of ascetic living where scantily clad young men and girls bathe together, practice athletics and dancing—and love.

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HÖCKER draws an unusually animated and entertaining picture of life in one of those dancing schools, whose director, strict as the prior of a theological seminary, punishes every departure from his teachings with the immediate expulsion of the sinning sheep. Independent "dancing thoughts" are not permitted. However, chance brings a little genius of a dancer into the flock of mediocrities; and, together with a talented composer, she invents and dreams of entirely new things. One can easily imagine the sudden humming and buzzing in the hive, until a new swarm detaches itself and, under the guidance of the young queen, flies far away. Those who have observed the young artists of the dance who have come to the fore in Berlin during the last few years, will quickly realise which one of them P. O. Höcker has chosen as the model for his serious-minded and fascinating little Dina. The story surrounding her is, of course, pure fiction. Fiction, but full of the grace, the subtle understanding and the charming tolerance with which this master of the narrative art customarily draws his characters. Particularly touching is the relationship of the young and pure Dina to her corrupt mother, who is a brilliant presentation of the old type dancer, with her international love affairs and mad luxury. Altogether the book is as attractive as it is interesting. But the title, "Woman at the Source," indicates motherhood, an experience without which creative woman will never reach the highest point of her art. An idea that is not developed, but is merely suggested in a beautifully discreet manner.

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WHILE P. O. Höcker glorifies the ideal, self-sacrificing love for the art of dancing, Alice Pfiegel sings a new version of the old song of the great passion of two human beings—of the love that knows no bounds or compromises, that does not consider the laws of the State and the Church, but nevertheless remains pure and beautiful because it flows from the heart of a pure, childlike woman. And the author sings this song with such true sincerity, with such deep feeling, that we are glad to forget the realities of life for a while, and, fascinated by her melody, to follow her into her ideal world. "For It Is Harvest-Time" is a little like an old fairy tale, written not in verse, but in a poetically inspired prose of delicate beauty. A duke, who loves a flower girl; and the child of these lovers, reared alone in the mountains by her deserted mother, and finally succumbing to her passion for a young priest. Yet, it seems to me, the close is dictated more by feminine pity than by a sense of the artistic. After the death of the young priest this superhumanly beautiful Elisabeth—this girl who lacks all sense of reality, who, dreaming, walks on the brink of chasms—gives her hand to a loyally devoted farmer. But how can the reader picture this fairy-like figure in the dairy, at pig-killing time and at similar rural functions? We should prefer to see her united in death with her lover.

Observation of all the romantic novels written in the immediate present brings out an important point, for the conclusions we draw from literature are reflected in the realm of human emotion in general, where we must note an interesting change. Formerly "idealism" was synonymous with "renunciation." Today it finds expression in complete resignation to one's destiny, in the consummation of life, and in the motherhood of the woman who is in love. Surely this is a long step toward emotional health. This raising of the natural relations of the sexes from the dark sloughs of guilt and sin into the bright sunshine of a good conscience is salutary for mankind. After all, there was a great deal of hypocrisy in most of the self-renouncing and always Platonic love of authors in the past.

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MOST potent, however, is Hans Frank's glorification of the powers of devotion and self-sacrifice of a chaste woman in the first of the four short stories in his volume "The Seventh Chord"—in "South Sea Island." This marvelous story, an imperishable gem of German literature, appeared some years ago as a single booklet in the collection of short stories called "Der Falke." It was praised in this column at the time. Indeed, one cannot read it too frequently; and one's emotions are ever gripped anew by the story of this true wife who voluntarily goes to jail with her husband, sentenced to life imprisonment for high treason. Every word is perfect here; it would be a pity to relate the events in indifferent language.

The other three stories are also of high artistic worth; but in human effectiveness and complete perfection they are no match for the first.

They go over into the realm of the occult, whither not all of us are willing or able to follow the author. But every one of them bears witness to the clairvoyant power with which Hans Frank is able to make the unusual and the improbable comprehensible, and, also, to his profound knowledge of the abysmal depths of the human soul. In any case, Hans Frank is a man from whom German literature has received much, and expects to receive other precious gifts.

GABRIELE REUTER.

George Meredith.

Photo by Brown Bros.

Novelists and Their Candid Friends

LONDON.

THERE are signs of a revival of interest in George Meredith. Almost simultaneously with J. B. Priestly's monograph on him in the English Men of Letters series there comes a revised and much enlarged edition of "The Writings and Life of George Meredith," by Mary Sturge Gretton, which first appeared in 1907. The new edition incorporates some criticisms offered by Meredith himself on reading the original publication. Thomas Hardy, too, seems to be acquiring a more popular vogue. His birthday is to be celebrated by a radio program, which will consist partly of birthday greetings and partly of extracts from his writings. Some striking tributes to an eminent literary figure of the next generation are reported from the Continent, for John Galsworthy has been receiving exceptional honors on his visits to Prague, Budapest and Vienna. English novelists in general, however, cannot derive much satisfaction from some of the recent comments of their fellow-countrymen. Dean Inge, for instance, speaking at the Women Writers' luncheon, remarked that the world was full of strong colors, from deep black to shining white, and that to depict it in a uniform mud color, as some modern writers did, was to betray the novelist's high calling. And J. C. Squire has been complaining that most of the novelists with minds do not wish to delight and exalt us and refuse to concern themselves with careful art, while most of those who attempt to give us enjoyment have no minds and are incapable of good writing. "The contemporary American novel," he adds, "has often a breadth of freshness, an air of genuine artistic endeavor, about it that is rather lacking in the works, fatigued or unhealthily violent, of most of the younger English novelists, who tend to address themselves on 'topics' either to an intellectualized London set or to a larger literary audience who may be interested in the shibboleths of the day before yesterday, instead of going to life with love and practicing an art with patience."

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THE literature of disarmament receives a useful addition in a book on that subject just written by P. J. Noel Baker, Professor of International Relations at the London School of Economics and formerly an assistant of Lord Cecil's at Geneva. One-third of it is concerned with the history of the question, and in the remainder the author tackles the practical difficulties in the way of a reduction of armaments by consent. How can we find a standard for measuring the composite forces of one country as against those of other countries? How can we secure that the limits set shall be neither openly nor secretly exceeded? How can the manufacture of poison gas be controlled when industry requires factories in which such gases may be manufactured at any time? How can we deal with aerial armaments without discouraging commercial aviation?

So high an authority as Major Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice has given this book his commendation, though doubting the possibility of any scheme of general and simultaneous limitation such as it advocates. Sir Frederick agrees with Professor Baker that any attempt to restrict civil aviation would be undesirable, and that the difficulty arising out of such aviation is not as great as commonly supposed. It is true that civil airplanes of certain types could be readily converted into bombers, but the organization and equipment required to keep an airplane flying in time of war is considerable, and could not easily be extemporized. The same critic points out that Professor Baker ignores what is at the moment the chief obstacle to a general limitation of armaments; namely, Russia.

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LARGE orders are being received from Japan for the late H. M. Hyndman's "Economics of Socialism." * * * A delegation of several leading publishers and booksellers is leaving for Holland and Germany on June 19 to study the clearing-house system of book distribution. * * * "What we need," say The Saturday Review, "is not so much more prizes for writers as prizes for people who buy books to read." * * * The average net sale of The Times Literary Supplement now exceeds 29,000 copies weekly. * * * Owing to the prolonged illness of C. K. Shorter, his "Books of the Week" page in The Sphere has been taken over by Arnold Palmer. * * * Principal L. P. Jacks has written more short stories in the vein of "The Legends of Smokeover." They will be called "The Heroes of Smokeover," and, though composed before the general strike, will have some relevance to it. * * * A posthumous book of Sir William Barrett's on "Death-bed Visions" will contain a collection of well-attested cases gathered from various sources. * * * Sir Israel Gollancz has in the press a study of "The Sources of Hamlet." * * * While researching recently in the library of Sion College, Ethel Seaton stumbled upon some unknown poems of Phineas Fletcher's, which she will publish shortly with a critical apparatus and an introduction. * * * A. G. Barnes has edited for Messrs. Methuen, with historical introduction and critical notes, "A Book of English Verse Satire," extending from John Donne to Sir Owen Seaman. * * * S. L. Bensusan's "Village Idylls" will be a series of vignettes of quaint, old-world life in the Essex villages near his own home. It will have a foreword by Israel Zangwill. * * * Mrs. Theodore Pennell, author of "Children of the Border," a romance of the Afghan frontier, is a sister of Cornelia Sorabji and widow of a distinguished English doctor who worked in that region for twenty years. * * * Lord Dunsany, who has a liking for bizarre titles, intends to call his next book "A Charwoman's Secret."

HERBERT W. HORWILL.

English Critique of French Literature

FRENCH STUDIES AND REVIEWS. By Richard Aldington. New York: Lincoln McVeagh. The Dial Press. $2.50.

FOR a number of reasons it happens to be the fact that on the whole Italian literature has in the past been more fortunately received by users of the English language than that of their French neighbors. Among other things, the vivid, original dramatists whose writings form the most brilliant part of English literature found their inspiration in Italy rather than France. As a result at least one important phase of the Italian Renaissance actually took place in England, for there is no question that Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Webster, Ford and their following were really as much a part of that amazing era as Leonardo and Ficino.

But the period of English literature most influenced by the writings of their neighbors immediately across the Channel is generally supposed to be the artificial age of the Augustans, and it is apt even to be forgotten that Chaucer was as indebted to the early French writers as he was to Boccaccio. In consequence the superstition has arisen and has—in spite of a changed attitude in the past few years—been allowed to become deep-seated that the influence of French writing cannot be other than bad.

This is unfortunate, because, as a matter of fact, in spite of Italy's imposing array of names, France really has more to offer. And, making of course notable exceptions—where in French literature do you match either Dante or the Florentine historians, for instance?—what she has to offer is of greater human significance and of greater weight. For that reason any book that adds to the understanding of the complex spirit of French literature has a twofold significance. It has its own merit. In so far as it is intelligently and sympathetically written, it has the added merit of meeting an acknowledged need.

Although it is in one sense only a collection of reviews, the book here considered does this admirably. Its author, Richard Aldington, is himself a distinguished poet. He is a member of the imagist school. In addition to this, he is a professional critic, expert as such in the concise, unconfused handling of a critical problem. Furthermore, he has not only studied and read widely in the French language; he is responsible for a wide variety of competent translations, and to translate a wise selection of books of any given language is to give one's self about the best available opportunity of becoming familiar with its spirit.

Another matter which enhances the value of the book is that it considers many writers practically unknown to English readers. Bruyère is dealt with, as also are Villon, Merimée, de Vigny and such moderately familiar writers as Paul Scarron and Restif de la Bretonne. But in addition to these he writes about Maurice Scève, Jacques Grédin, Robert Garnier and Florian, together with four obscure modern poets—Georges Rodenbach, Charles Guérin, Réné Vivien and Maurice de Plesays—as well as certain early French chroniclers, two Provençal troubadors and one of the first known miracle plays in the tongue.

None of these is of any real importance. Of Florian, curiously enough a relative of Voltaire, it is enough to say that Anatole France has discussed him and that he was a Watteau or a Fragonard among writers. Grédin arouses an amused interest because an overpatriotic French abbé proclaimed him, in the eighteenth century, to be the equal or superior of "ce Shakespeare." As a matter of fact, he was more on Greene's level. Garnier was the first of the line that soon rose to Racine, while the best that can be said of the chroniclers is that they reflect some of the naïveté—and the sincerity—of really great men like Villehardouin and the Sieur de Joinville.

But the point is that they are considered in a readable manner, and an idea of the various and multifold French spirit is given thereby. This alone gives the book a place.

The interest in Paul Scarron and Restif de la Bretonne lies really more in their personalities than in their writings. A competent American study of Restif has been published recently. It is surprising that he has been neglected so long, testifying this weird man—who is part buffoon and part candid realist—does so effectively of the psychology of the French nation during the French Revolution.

Paul Scarron is, on the other hand, a tragic figure, typical of the unhappy sort that the muses apparently love to draw into their service. His childhood was unhappy, largely owing to the persecutions of a stepmother, who lived up to all of the traditional requirements of stepmothers. Finally he, the complete skeptic, had the very doubtful privilege of marrying Françoise d'Aubigné. She; it will probably be remembered, afterward became Mme. de Maintenon, the religious mistress of Louis XVI.

The only bright spot in this life, for even his writings brought him little peace, was his friendship for Ninon de Lenclos. That bright feminine woman (she is written of by Mr. Aldington in this same volume) is almost the only one of the court's brilliant prostitutes who still shows lovely after nearly three centuries have had their chance at her. She became an admirer of Scarron and his writings. To have known her in an intimate, kindly way must have been the salve for many wounds.

In Mr. Aldington's essay on Villon he is also extremely interesting, for on the one hand he avoids puritanical disparagement without on the other falling into the fallacy of Stevenson and "If I Were King." Villon was not a romantic thief. He did his murders about as brutally and as cold-bloodedly as a present-day bank robber. At the same time it was necessary for him to be what he was if his poetry was to result.

Although the book is entitled "French Studies and Reviews," it includes studies entitled "Characters and Portraits," "Rome and the Farnese Palace" and "The Italian Commedians," which give it an international quality.

To review what amounts to a collection of reviews is in many ways to be at the tail end of the series described by the poet:

Great fleas have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas
And so ad infinitum.

However, when the book contains so much information and such an inciting bibliography as this of Mr. Aldington the position is not wholly an ungrateful one. T. C. CHUBB.

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Current Magazines

"RUSSIANIZING AMERICA" is the title of an article by Shaw Desmond in the June-July-August number of the North American Review. Mr. Desmond, who has traveled widely in the United States, and who, on the whole, admires us and our country, warns us that we are in danger of being ruined by "system" and "standardization." He fears that we are being trained to obey orders instead of to think for ourselves, and he points out that—

> The essential weakness of universal standardization is that if any tiny cog in the machine breaks down, the whole machine comes to a standstill. Standardization always means crystallization. The standardized mind is inelastic, it cannot allow for unaccustomed strains. In a final sense, it is inefficient.

At the same time that he points out this danger, Mr. Desmond expresses the belief that America will, before it is too late, see the error of her ways and turn her back on overstandardization. His faith in our ultimate salvation is founded upon the belief that we possess "a passionate individualism and the fundamental hatred of standardization that belongs to youth." This number of the North American Review contains also "The Hon. Mussolini," by the editor; "The Reduction of Armaments," by William Howard Gardiner; "Adams and Jefferson: 1826-1926," by Francis N. Thorpe; "The First Pan-American Congress," by Carlos E. Castaneda; "Catholics and the Ku Klux Klan," by Rev. Martin J. Scott, S. J.; "The Ku Klux Klan: A Paradox," by Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman; "The Shape of Fear," by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois; "The Ku Klux Klan of Today," by William Starrs Myers; "Nocturne," by R. L. Mégroz; "Nationalism and the Vernacular in China," by Low Kwang-Lai; "John Bunyan's Hypocrisy," by Harold Golder; "Charles Maurras," by Arnold Whitridge; "The Real Estate Agent's Tale," by Amy Lowell; and "New Books Reviewed," by Roscoe C. E. Brown, Elizabeth Cutting, Hervey Allen, Clarence H. Gaines, John T. Rodgers, and Willis Fletcher Johnson.

One of the chief reasons why censors are undesirable is pointed out by Burges Johnson in his department, "The Saunterer," in the June issue of The Writer. Discussing the Mencken incident in Boston and the activities of certain organizations which have taken upon themselves the task of guarding the morals of the public by preventing the display of indecent publications upon the news stands, Mr. Johnson remarks that the question is who shall decide what is indecent and what is not. He continues:

> Theodore Roosevelt was a great benefactor when he created the phrase "Every worthy movement has its lunatic fringe." That quotation is not exact, I am sure, but near enough, and heaven knows how true it is. The zealous citizen who offers to help the police do the cleaning, whether he is a vice agent or a parson or a woman President of a law and order league, is forced to scrutinize pictures and type matter unendingly in the search for indecency. Pretty soon questionable sentences and paragraphs stick out like sore thumbs and the searcher can see nothing else, neither context nor obviously decent intent. He gets to be like the proofreader who can catch an inverted "n" or a broken comma, so sharp is his scrutiny, but never know what the story itself was all about.

Other interesting features of this issue are "Writing for the Millions," by John Farrar; "Scribner's and the Young Writer," by Alfred S. Dashiell; "Nat Goodwin and a Publisher," by Ernest Poole; "Tracing Lost Manuscripts," by Maristan Chapman; "The Technique of Modern Poetry," by Robert Hillyer; "The Novel," by John Hall Wheelock, and "The 'Loafers' of Birmingham," by Jack Bethea.

The Chinese political puzzle is no puzzle at all to Anna Louise Strong, who writes in the July number of Asia under the title "Chang and Feng and Wu," these being the abbreviated names of the three Chinese Generals who figure most prominently in the news of the day. The article begins with a brief characterisation of the three Generals.

> Chang is the gorgeous General, surrounded by foreign aides and diplomats, maintaining a court of "oriental splendor" at Mukden. He is backed by the Japanese, and occasionally by British and Americans, as the "strong man" they have desired to see in China.
>
> Feng is the "simple-life" General, sometimes called "Christian" and again called "Bolshevist," who specializes in road building, land reclamation and a Spartan existence for his officers as well as his soldiers; he is backed by the nationalist students and by Soviet Russia, from which he must get his military supplies, since Chang controls the North China seacoast.
>
> Wu is the literary General, the old Confucian, the honest professor who writes poetry and paints pictures on bamboo and believes with the sages that the laborer should labor and the Governor govern. When workers go outside their function of working and organize unions to dictate terms to managers, Wu can suppress their organization and put their leaders to death with a clear conscience, and calmly, in fidelity to the ancient orderly ways of living. Wu is the only one of the three Generals whom Chinese of the old stamp, a classification of course that still includes most Chinese, regard as naturally fit to govern. He comes from a famous family of literati, men trained to power by long inheritance and culture. To men who regard Chang as a bandit with a gift for discipline and Feng as a peasant grown overbold, Wu is a natural ruler. And yet, in my conversation with him, I wondered if he were really a great military leader, or rather a man around whom military leaders gathered. He is supported by many of the best elements of traditional China; he is also supported by some of the most notorious "grafters." All of them trust Wu to reward his friends, as far as he can, when he comes to office. Is not duty to friends prescribed by the sages?

Other articles in this number of Asia are "Turkey's Coming of Age," by Elizabeth P. MacCallum and Edward Mead Earle; "Sand," by Angus Buchanan; "Little Female 'Nanook,'" by Edna Claire Wallace; "Marriage à la Mongole," by John Freeman; "A Woman's Daring Journey into Tibet," by Alexandra David-Neel; "'Madam President' in the Chair in India," by Charlotte Viall Wiser; "An Empire Builder of Old Japan," by Darrell O. Hibbard, and "Stalin: Heir of Lenin," by William Henry Chamberlin. The illustrations, chiefly photographic, are fully up to the high standard of excellence set by this magazine.

In The Yale Review for July Edwin M. Borchard discusses "A Limitation of Armaments?" The interrogation mark at the end of his title does not indicate any question in the mind of the author as to the desirability of such limitation, but suggests the practical difficulties which make its accomplishment doubtful. Frederick Turner Johnson writes of "The Children of the Pioneers," considering what part the descendants of those who opened up the West have played and are playing in the intellectual life of our country. Gilbert N. Lewis, in "The Scientific Meaning of Chance," uses a much-neglected branch of mathematics to illustrate some of the new discoveries and theories of the scientists. H. G. Dwight's "The Mason and Dixon Line" is the story of the running of that line, based chiefly on extracts from the journals of Charles Mason. Raphael Demos discusses "Education and Business"; William A. Speck presents some "New Letters of Carlyle to Eckermann"; Charles S. Brooks, in "Glorious Goodwood," describes a typical English racing meet, and Elizabeth Willis De Huff records "Four Pueblo Folk-Tales." There are poems by W. H. Davies and Sara Teasdale, and book reviews by Stephen P. Duggan, George Pierce Baker, Troy Kinney, G. V. Hamilton, Olivia Howard Dunbar, Jay B. Hubbell, Charles M. Andrews, Stanley T. Williams, Edward Bliss Reed, Helen MacAfee, David Stanley Smith, Frederick A. Pottle, D. B. Macdonald, Clement Wood and F. W. Williams.

The Red Book Magazine for July contains the opening instalment of a new novel by Struthers Burt entitled "The Delectable Mountains." Mary Roberts Rinehart's mystery story, "Two Flights Up," comes to an end, and there is an instalment of Julian Street's serial, "Tides." A second picture serial, with text by Samuel Merwin and drawings by James Montgomery Flagg, begins in this number. The short stories in-

(Continued on Following Page)

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according to the reports of our Educational Department, there have been published in this country 107 books treating of the relation of parent and child, teacher and child, and teacher, parent and child. ¶According to the head of one of the most important pedagogical libraries in the United States, the President of the largest Parents Teachers Association in the East, one of the leading 'general' librarians in New York, to say nothing of several of the most intelligent book-sellers of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston, none of these 107 books MEETS THE NEEDS OF THE AVERAGE PARENT so well as

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Current Magazines

(Continued from Preceding Page)

clude "Alias St. Anthony," a tale of a girl jai alai player in Havana, by Gerald Beaumont; "Nobody at All," by Margaret Culkin Banning; "Silver Mounted," a cowboy story by Will James, with illustrations by the author; "The Bandit Comes Home," by Ernest Poole; "For Our Dumb Friends," by Robert Benchley, with his famous "Mr. Peters" as the central character; "Hound Bait," a Southern negro story, by Arthur K. Akers; "The Love Altar," by Rita Weiman; "Sold," by Virginia Dale, and "The Armoire," the story of a Don Juan of the sea who meets his match, by William McFee. The non-fiction features of this issue are "Free Salvation," by Angelo Patri; "The Home of Happy People," verse, by Edgar A. Guest, and a "Common Sense Editorial," by Bruce Barton.

McNaught's Monthly is conducting a debate on the subject "Do We Need a New and Better Religion?" Edgar Lee Masters, who opens the debate in the June number, believes that we do, but only the first part of his argument, the part in which he explains why he does not like the religion we now have, is printed in this number. His article is to be concluded in the July number of McNaught's, and it is to be presumed that he will then present his ideas of what religion should be. In the August number the Rev. C. E. Macartney will reply to Mr. Masters. "Don't Call Them Dumb-Bells" is an article by Armand R. Miller calling attention to some of the evils of dividing pupils into classes on the basis of intelligence tests. Don C. Seitz reverts to his favorite topic in "A Beginning Pirate and His Bad End." Kenneth Andler attacks old theories of education in "Confessions of a Student of the Classics." His objection to the classics is that they serve no useful purpose either materially or culturally. He believes that better results could be obtained from the study of biography, English literature and modern languages. Other contributions to this issue are "A Plain Woman to Her Rival," by Roxana B. White; "Passaic Tastes Blood and Iron," by Arthur Garfield Hays; "The Passing of Toryism," by Ford Madox Ford; "Dazzling Darkness," a story, by Charles B. Driscoll; "Intelligentsiana"; "A Hothouse Bouquet," by Isabel Paterson; "Fundamentalism Reaches the Stage," by Walter Prichard Eaton; "Talking It Over," by McN., and "The Crow's Nest," by F. M. K.

"The College Needs the Factory" is the title of an article by James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, in the June number of Good Housekeeping. Mr. Davis writes from the standpoint of a man who learned the practical things of life before he began giving any thought to theory, and, naturally enough, he thinks that this is the best way to obtain an education. That he is not alone in this opinion is evidenced by the experiment, if it can still be called an experiment, that is being carried on at Antioch College in Ohio, although there the acquisition of book learning and the working at a regular job go hand in hand. Mr. Davis would go even further and have the learning of a trade precede the college course. In support of his opinion he makes the following argument:

> Training in the crafts brings with it training in character. Character is the perpetual reminder that education carries with it a responsibility, and not distinction. Proper emphasis cannot easily be given in a purely scholastic course to the subject of character. In too many cases have our daily papers been filled with the criminal exploits of young men highly educated yet ignorant. The chances are ten to one that the dishonest young man cannot make good in a trade. His trade will either force him to be honest or reject him. He cannot be false and turn out true work.

Other articles in this number of Good Housekeeping are "Born to the Purple," by Mabel Potter Daggett; "Treetop," by Samuel Scoville Jr.; "The Golden Gate," by William Lyon Phelps; "Books for Your Vacation," by Emily Newell Blair, and "The Contrasts of Canton," by Frances Parkinson Keyes.

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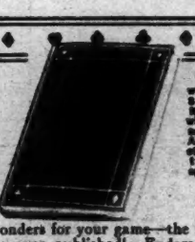

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A riotous, rollicking story, full of fun and absurdities with a good measure of keen satire. —*Saturday Review of Literature.* $2.00

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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 9)

release from prison Grey called them together and gave them all their choice of confessing to the police—and doing time as he had—or to take their punishment at his hands. They all elected to take their chances with him. Grey blackmailed an old Hindu into giving him a poison that killed under the guise of what appeared to be a heart attack. The first victim died shortly afterward. The doctor found him seated at a table. A hand of cards had been dealt as if for bridge, and when the doctor found the dead man holding thirteen hearts he was sure it was heart failure. But Grey's revenge boomeranged. For those who like gore there are five murders and a suicide within a week.

Of course, there is the love interest, too. The beautiful secretary is really somebody else and has a young man who is mixed in the plot. But the big news to us is the information that the arch-killer of this gang of gentlemen thugs thinks of his wife as "the dear little woman."

A MASTER CRIMINAL

A KING BY NIGHT. By Edgar Wallace. 330 pp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

"A KING BY NIGHT," Edgar Wallace's latest book, is an interesting tale of murder, mystery and intrigue in London. Although the plot is somewhat shopworn, and the solution to the mystery worked out in the conventional manner, Mr. Wallace's tale is superior to the average novel of its type. His narrative style is more smooth and absorbing, and he is less given to hackneyed platitudes and amateur theorizing.

The opening of the story finds London aroused over a series of killings committed by an unknown terror. The murderer styles himself "Juma, King of Bonginda." He is described by those who have had a chance glimpse of him, as a huge man of unusual stature, with a broad, flat nose, a big mouth, which appears to stretch from ear to ear, and practically no forehead.

The author follows his introduction by one or two exciting adventures of the sinister black man, offered, no doubt, to whet the reader's appetite. Following this he hints that there is a surprising amount of method in the negro's seeming homicidal aberrations and suggests the possibility of a "man higher up." This done, he introduces a number of new characters who might possibly fit the description of the mysterious master criminal. These divert the attention of the reader and confuse him as to the true identity of the guilty person.

There follows the usual number of thrilling encounters with the sinister negro, some brief but equally exciting meetings with the silent master criminal, and the gradual development of a romance between the handsome detective assigned to the case, and a wealthy, beautiful, sane, courageous, brainy, wonder-girl, such as only popular novelists can conceive.

Finally, in a grand sweeping up of his various plot threads, the author brings about the exposure of the criminal responsible for the numerous murders, the death of the negro terror, and the consummation of the romance between the girl and the young detective.

"A King by Night" strengthens a long-standing conviction that Edgar Wallace is one of our best raconteurs of the mystery story. His narratives are well balanced, interesting and readable. He does not irritate his readers with obvious or artificial situations, nor does he make his characters quite so offensively puppet-like and hackneyed as do so many other authors of popular mystery fiction. He tells a story for the story's sake alone.

LIVING ALABASTER

THE FOUR WINDS. By Sinclair Gluck. 310 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

THESE books that start with a slender white arm thrust unexpectedly through the curtains have a certain deadly familiarity about them that must surely dampen any reader's enthusiasm, unless he be one with an infinite capacity for what will sooner or later be referred to as living alabaster.

And after the slender white arm there is sure to follow into the line of vision a piquant, eager face, frightened eyes, a slender body curved in the usual places, and finally, if it can be managed with impunity—and it can—a bare and rosy knee. This last is attained in "The Four Winds" by stretching the lady out unconscious on the floor as a result of a terrific electric shock. Nor is the glimpse more than momentary, for the hero draws her summery frock of pale blue hastily around her as the lights flash on.

These things being revealed, one can construct the hero—and the plot—rapidly, as no doubt the author did. Here is no other than Jimmy Marsh, a young man of the world yet withal delightfully reckless, good-looking, possessed of a private income, earnestly desirous of acquiring literary fame.

From his conversation one is doubtful if he will ever realize his literary aspirations. There is in him too insistent an impulse toward the cheapest of cheap repartee. Very early in the story, for instance, he takes occasion to remark that he "is sound of wind and limb, and born of white parents"; or again, that the man covering him with the revolver is "hard boiled, but that hard-boiled eggs are always yellow inside."

One gathers, of course, very quickly that this is a crook story, a tale of crimes attempted against a lady's virtue, but also accomplished against the jewelry trade. A fortune in jewels finds itself appearing and reappearing in different settings, so that the insurance companies may be relieved of very substantial sums. In the hidden workroom there is a tiny forge, as well as racks and racks of delicate tools with which the master crook resets his hard-working gems.

Strange things meanwhile persist in happening to the features and anatomy of the different characters. At one point, when a man was struggling to control his anger, "his face swelled with blood, until his red neck bulged over his collar"; later Jimmy "turned berserk with rage," and again "his hand crunched into the fellow's white, startled face." There is also some one followed by "a mazed and foundering companion," and some little bad grammar in the setting forth of the incidents.

All of which forces the conclusion that this is too flimsy a story, more than a little mediocre for its kind, and sacrificing everything to a certain crude speed of action. Better yarns of this type take some lesson from the fable of the hare and the tortoise, and do not pin all their faith to the formula that requires a new act of violence on every page.

SKETCHY NOURISHMENT

THE CLEW IN THE GLASS. By W. B. M. Ferguson. 318 pp. New York: Chelsea House. $2.

THE detective story has been likened to everything from a breakfast egg to the four-a-day, and every comparison shows it to be common, perennial, and very sketchy nourishment indeed. Mr. Ferguson's latest addition to the voluminous output of mystery fiction, "The Clew in the Glass," is pretty much the usual sort of thing; its author has proved his thorough command of all the tricks of the detective story, and has employed no inconsiderable dexterity in conforming to type and being successfully unoriginal.

"The Clew in the Glass" is built perfectly according to formula. It opens with a rat-tat-tat fire of events, slows down for suspense, and ends with the ordinary denouement when the guilt settles on the most seemingly innocent person in reach. During the course of the narrative the suspicions are shunted from one pawn to another with admirable pacing on the part of Mr. Ferguson. The love interest (for such there is) gathers momentum slowly, winds its complementary way through the plot, and flares up suddenly just prior to the solution of the mystery.

Let us say this for Mr. Ferguson: he ties up an amazing number of knots for himself, and evinces great mathematical cleverness in straightening them all out. That is—all but one. The cause of one death is left a little misty in deference to the law of contrast. It saves the plot from sameness.

Mr. Ferguson has painted "hateful" villains, "lovable" hero and heroine, and not a few characters somewhere between the extremes. Most of them are no more than types.

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(Continued on Page 24)

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Books and Authors

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

FICTION.

"Short Turns." Barry Benefield. (Century Company.)

"Jarnegan." Jim Tully. (Albert & Charles Boni.)

"The Painted Room." Margaret Wilson. (Harper & Bros.)

"The Big House." Mildred Wasson. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

"Susan Shane." Roger Burlingame. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"Her Son's Wife." Dorothy Canfield. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

NON-FICTION.

"History in English Words." Owen Barfield. (George H. Doran Company.)

"Twenty Years in Borneo." Charles Bruce. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

"East Wind." Amy Lowell. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

"The Romance of Comets." Mary Proctor. (Harper & Bros.)

"Concerning Women." Suzanne La Follette. (Albert & Charles Boni.)

"On the Trail of Ancient Man." Roy Chapman Andrews. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

BRENTANO'S announce for immediate publication Nicholas Roerich's "Himalaya," containing over one hundred reproductions of Mr. Roerich's paintings, twenty-four of them in full color. The text includes appreciations of Mr. Roerich's work by renowned artists and writers and the artist's own impressions of his travels in Tibet. The book contains many references to the legend that Christ traveled and taught in India and Tibet before he began his teachings in the Holy Land. "Himalaya" will be issued in a special de luxe edition limited to 500 numbered copies.

The seventh session of the School of English conducted by Middlebury College at Bread Loaf, Vt., will extend from June 29 to Aug. 14. A special short session for students of creative writing will be held from Aug. 16 to 28. This session will be in general charge of John Farrar, editor of The Bookman and of the publications of the George H. Doran Company. Other members of the staff will be Grant Overton, literary editor of Collier's; Harriet Monroe, editor of Poetry, a Magazine of Verse; Edward Davison, M. Roy Ridley and Doris F. Halman. The visiting lecturers will be William McFee, Owen Davis, Isabel Patterson and Honoré Willsie Morrow.

H. Bedford-Jones, who lives in Michigan and writes thrillers and historical novels, recently visited New York City and delivered to his publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, the manuscript of a new novel entitled "St. Michael's Gold," to be published early in the Fall. It is the story of an American in Paris during the French Revolution.

The Houghton Mifflin Company is bringing out a new edition of "A Study of British Genius," by Havelock Ellis. This book was first published some years ago, but has long been unavailable. The new edition contains some important new material.

Harvard University Press announces for publication early in July "The Letters of Tobias Smollett, M. D.," collected and edited by Edward S. Noyes, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of English in Yale University. There are sixty-seven letters in the collection, nineteen of them hitherto unprinted. New material has been added to twelve letters already published.

A late June publication of Dodd, Mead & Co. will be "Under the Rose," the final volume of the works of Anatole France. This is the book upon which France was engaged at the time of his death. It consists of a series of dialogues, setting forth the author's sub rosa ideas on such subjects as war, nature, shame, the future, &c. The book will be bound uniform with the complete edition of Anatole France.

The George Palmer Putnam Greenland expedition, which leaves at the end of June, has gained another recruit, Daniel W. Streeter, a brother of Ed Streeter of "Dere Mabie" fame. It is, apparently, a rule of the expedition that to join it one must have written a book. Mr. Streeter has done so. His "Denatured Africa," a satirical book based on a year's travel in the Dark Continent, will be published in the Fall by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Viking Press has added to its list the novel "Philip Dru: Administrator," written some years ago by Colonel House and published anonymously. The book is a political romance, and in it are set forth some of the political and ethical ideals for which Colonel House has striven.

The Encyclopaedia Britannica announces through its American editor a prize of $50 to be awarded for the best educational game, puzzle or intelligence test submitted to its office, 342 Madison Avenue, New York City, before midnight of July 15, 1926. The prize will be awarded for originality, possible popular appeal, practicality from the publisher's standpoint, and style. The judgment of the American editor of the Encyclopaedia Britannica is to be final. Other plans or games which may be considered worthy will be paid for at the rate of $10 each.

In an article entitled "Fifty Books That Please the Eye," printed in the May 2 issue of THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW, reference was made to a book entitled "Roosevelt Memorial in the City of Washington," and the price was given as $5. The Roosevelt Memorial Association, which publishes the book, informs us that this is not correct. The price of the book is $10.

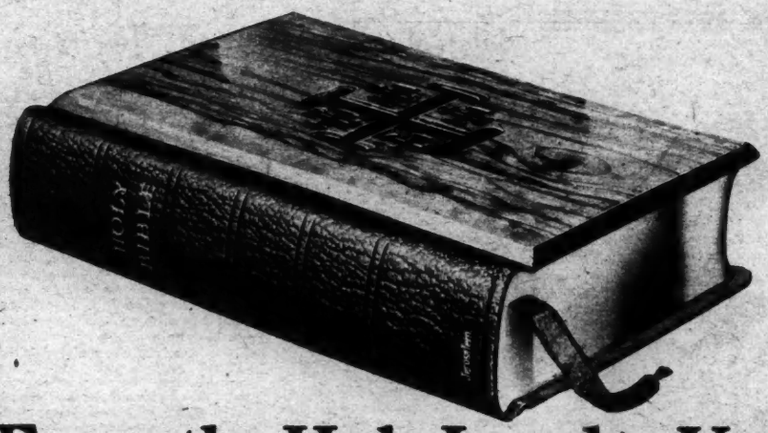
Major George Haven Putnam, senior member of the publishing firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons, has received the honorary degree of D. Litt. from Oxford University. Fair enough. If a publisher isn't a Doctor of Literature, we'd like to know who is.

A portrait of John Galsworthy by Randall Davey, the American painter, has been presented to the Chicago Art Institute by Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus McCormick. It has been hung in the Memorial Hall in Goodman Theatre. The Art Institute of Chicago News Letter, in speaking of the portrait, refers to Mr. Galsworthy as "the English actor." This will be news to those who know him only through his novels.

Dr. Lewis L. Lorwin, better known as Louis Levine, author of "Women's Garment Workers" (Viking Press), has sailed for Europe, where he will spend four months interviewing labor leaders, Socialists, Communists, economic experts and statesmen in order to size up the meaning of Labor Internationalism and the part it may play in world reorganization. He is writing a book on the International Labor Movement for the Institute of Economics.

Thane Williamson, whose novel, "Gypsy Down the Lane" was published by Small, Maynard & Co., is not a gypsy, although he has often been mistaken for one. Last Summer when he was vagabonding with the gypsies the whole band was arrested near Little Falls, N. Y. Mr. Williamson tried to convince the police that he was an ethnologist, but it was no use. He went to jail with the rest. Perhaps the police thought an ethnologist was a particularly dangerous type of gypsy.

Edwin Valentine Mitchell of Hartford will publish for the first time a rare manuscript by Benjamin Trumbull entitled "A Compendium of the Indian Wars in New England, More Particulary Such as the Colony of Connecticut Have Been Concerned and Active In." The original manuscript is in the possession of Charles A. Goodwin of Hartford. The edition will be limited to 400 copies.



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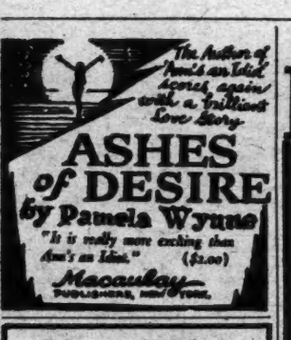

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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 22.)

man, aids materially in clearing up the mystery of one of the murders in the story, and is reinstated with his father. It is Morney's evidence that gets Mr. Ferguson along.

Jill Rutherford, who falls into Morney's arms by the side of a beautiful lake, believes in the flip young newcomer from the beginning, even if they do whisper awful things about his serving a jail sentence in Scotland for being mixed up with a woman in some affair. Nor does she waver in her loyalty when the gossips and the police suspect him of dirty work in the murders.

Samuel Rutherford, Jill's father, started his business on stolen capital, which fact put him in the clutches of a blackmailer, Amos Hammersley, the town political boss. Although Rutherford builded on a false and rotten bottom, he had some fineness to him, and escaped punishment. The death of Hammersley, an evil man indeed, is the one uncleared knot in the story. Still, the solution is intimated, and the vicarious detectives who read "The Clew in the Glass" will, no doubt, have little trouble in working it out for themselves.

James Dynevor, Mr. Rutherford's partner in crime and business, furnishes the excuse for the narrative. He dies in an eery manner from nicotine poisoned whisky early in the book. A problem of inheritance is introduced by the death of his wife a few minutes before in an automobile smash-up. It so happens that Dynevor's wife, née Rose Tredegar, was an old flame of Caspar Hammersley, son of the town boss, and an ex-fiancée of Harry Morney. Thus are things complicated.

The tone of "The Clew in the Glass" is a hard, bright jocularity. Many comic strip witticisms are introduced from time to time, and some of them are very painful. The prose is rough and angular, but has a certain driving force appropriate to a detective story.

RAPACIOUS MANHATTAN!

SLAVES OF DESTINY. By Pearl Dolee Bell. 304 pp. New York: W. J. Watt & Co. $2.

In a certain type of realistic fiction, the unpleasant idiosyncracies of its protagonists are invariably attributable to the subtle, morally disintegrating influence of New York City. One of the most recent authors to take a shot or two at Bagdad-on-the-Subway is Pearl Dolee Bell, whose latest novel, "Slaves of Destiny," has Manhattan for its setting.

Rapacious city! [she writes.] Over-rich. Swarming with paupers. Tawdry. Splendid. Gluttonish in its pleasures. Easily appeased in its religions. Delirious. Voluptuous. Perfumed. Putrescent * * * New York! Flower of the earth. Gorgeously beautiful as a painted harlot in a midnight dance * * * New York the Magnificent! Pouring champagne into its wounds! Covering its sores with rouge and powder!

The heroine of the story, Cyrana Henley, is a nameless foundling brought up on a filthy coal barge by two drunken brutes, Ben and Myrtle Henley. From the deck of this unlovely craft, Cyrana first sees New York's skyline—that skyline which, later, she does so much to influence. When, after a drunken spree, Ben murders the slatternly Myrtle, the sixteen-year-old girl is suddenly projected into an entirely new world.

Taken into the splendid home of the James Chatworths, she is filled with a desire to be good, even while James Chatworth Sr. "makes a gargoyle of her soul." Because of a love episode with the son of the house, Jamie Chatworth, Cyrana finds herself once more alone in the world. Twelve years later she becomes a woman who is feared by men who know her only as a corporation, and loved by men who know her only as a woman.

For, through another mad quirk of fate, Cyrana has become the pupil and ward of Bruce Dallas, the greatest architect of his day. Through a motor accident, Dallas becomes a hopeless paralytic. Like the hero of Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," he allows the world to think he is dead, and continues his architectural career through Cyrana, who reaps the credit for his genius. So long as she obeys Dallas's orders, and so long as she does not marry or otherwise clutter up her life with extraneous things, she continues as the heir of the "architect-builder who had come to a tragic end."

Needless to say, Cyrana is beautiful, while all her natural instincts are for the bizarre. She thrills to the fibre of her inconsistent being at sight of a smart shop window; the glitter of jewels intoxicates her; vivid colors stimulate her. She calls herself an artist; but she is only the propelled brush of an artist who projects his ideas through her. Bruce Dallas makes her what she is. He makes her one with him. For, after all, she is but the chaste mistress of a man whose body is no longer under the jurisdiction of his commands; merely the unused possession of a man whose physical being is not subservient to his wishes.

Dallas, who knows that he can come back to public life at any moment that suits his wishes, decides that it would be wise to ruin Cyrana in a business way, so that her overweening vanity shall be reduced to humility. And, in the end, he decides that to create a soul is the greatest possible achievement. He shows Cyrana that, without love, money, fame and power are as nothing, and because of that lesson she discovers that the strong yet tender arms of a fine man are more to be desired than any of these.

STORIES OF ACTION

ADVENTURE'S BEST STORIES—1926. Edited by Arthur Sullivant Hoffman. 300 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.

In a foreword to this collection of stories chosen "from among the several thousand published during fifteen years" by Adventure magazine, Mr. Arthur S. Hoffman writes an apology for action-fiction which he prefaces with the hope "that the issuance of this volume may be of some significance in that it may to some degree modify a widely prevalent and unjust point of view on a certain type of American fiction." He then proceeds to write his brief for action as the original and most fundamental element in all fiction. He concedes that most action stories are cheap and sensational,

but in all this there is nothing to convict action per se of being inferior material for fiction. It is very much to the contrary. If handled with skill it becomes the means to the highest possible literary attainment. For most of literature's subtleties arise from human psychology, and action, properly handled, is the crystallization of all psychology.

Serious writers and readers of fiction will heartily agree that psychology is the whole story, in life as well as in literature, and the only key to the understanding of human conduct. But, a priori, action stories are stories in which the emphasis is on action for action's sake. Unfortunately the action does not grow out of the psychology, but the psychology is built to fit the action, and the action is almost invariably melodramatic and sensational. This sheath of picked stories furnishes admirable exhibits. The best stories in the book, "The Soul of a Regiment" and "The Song of Madame," are not primarily action stories at all and might have appeared in any magazine of fiction. While "Strange Fellers," "Habit," "A Gulp of Water" and many of the others have only action and atmosphere to recommend them.

We venture to think that this volume only confirms a just attitude toward this type of fiction. It has its uses as well as its readers. It bears the same relationship to the art of fiction that the daily illustrated newspapers bear to serious journalism.

EROTIC FICTION

PROUD REVELRY. By Amber Lee. 304 pp. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.

"Proud Revelry" is rather a misnomer for Amber Lee's latest venture into the field of erotic fiction. It recalls the story of Abraham Lincoln's encounter with a drunken Congressman on the Capitol steps. "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" sang the hiccoughing legislator, trolling a hymn of the day. Mr. Lincoln is said to have looked him over with that smile which sprung from his appreciation of the frailties in pompous humanity, and to have chuckled, "I'm durned if I know."

There is plenty of revelry in this novel, but little cause for pride. Its milieu is that section of America which has arrived at some measure

(Continued on Following Page)

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City or Country?

(Continued from Page 1)

high school play. Young folks were about us constantly. They came of an evening to read Shakespeare, Sheridan, and even Shaw. They raced down the toboggan chute with us. The Boy Scouts and I went up and down the hills on skis. * * * We could touch their lives, we could influence them, because all our associations were spontaneous and natural, and there were no veils and barriers between us.

Mr. Eaton, who happens to be a writer, then proceeds in very excellent prose to give a sketch of a bucolic life that would make the mouth of a Cincinnatus water. He describes the milk and cream from his blessed cows, the planting of his garden, the walks in the still Winter woods and the felling by his own hands of the mighty trees. Mr. Eaton is the true country dweller, who dwells on the joys with the ecstasy of the convert. Like some White of Selborne, he can describe for you the habits of a bird, throw out a Latin botanical name that brings out a patina of green envy upon you, and then, by way of good measure, he will show you how he labored with his hands beside the Admirable Crichton of a country carpenter in rearing his stately halls. Indeed, Mr. Eaton is himself an Admirable Crichton, as many of his friends have reason to know. After doing all those things, he dashes into New York, as why should he not, and slashes a few commercial plays, praises the better sort and returns to his Sabine farm in the Berkshires to fell the Winter wood. His description of hewing with his own axe the silvery birches for his hearth is poetry, no less:

> As I come down the mountain the riding night wind stings my cheek. I sniff joyously the pungent smoke from my chimneys below, and inside the house I sink, pleasantly weary, into the couch before a crackling fire and emulate Dr. Johnson, so far as tea drinking is concerned. * * * I think often as I sit there of the days when my arms ached for lack of an axe, not from the use of one, and I get a sensation both of physical and spiritual well-being from my afternoon labors and from the fact that the fire which is warming me is fed with my own fuel, cut with my own toil. I am close somehow to the simple things of life, the elemental processes, perhaps to my pioneer ancestors. It is a pleasure I would not forego for all the steam radiators in creation.

Mr. Eaton, we see, speaks much of cows, flowers and warm wood fires, but he tells us nothing of the yell from a window, nor anything of the fortress that his house must be. This is clearly an oversight. He admits to Mr. Lay that an intelligent human being must come in at times to the big city for music, plays and such conversation as can only be had between Fortieth Street and Fifty-ninth. Yet stubborn opponent that he is (he always was), he persists in affirming:

> A mountain, to me, is bigger than a new play, a painted trillium in the shadow of a hemlock more beautiful than jewels on a velvet mat or any work of man. Art is at bottom a release from the monotony of life. Yet sooner or later there is bound to come a time when all art must seem ephemeral, and what is beautiful and soul-satisfying in the natural world will alone bring consolation.

Very persuasive are both the authors and quite fascinating are both their books. But since they, between them, do not settle the question, it is obvious that arbitration must step in and honest counsel openly arrived at must decide. It is our final opinion that those who like the country should live in the country, and those who prefer the city should retain their urbanity, or else acquire it. As to those, like the present humble reviewer, who love fresh air, the scent of lilac and apple blossom in Spring, the stillness of a meadow, vocal with invisible life, the feel of turf beneath the foot; but also the theatre, sprightly and varied conversation, music, the contact of a diversity of people, and even a little of the din of cities—such a one should divide his time between the two. It is a happiness to be able to settle this question once and for all time.

Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Preceding Page)

of money and the fashions of the leisured, with no standards to make for self-restraint and few desires cultivated above the level of the barnyard. The story presents in passable prose a fairly accurate picture of the sexual preoccupations of some of these frothy people. The same types of adventure, written with the same purpose of authorship, may be found in the chronicles of the tabloid dailies, with pictures thrown in, all for a few cents instead of $2.

Anthony Sherrad, our hero, is the son of a man of means and a pretty, empty-headed wife devoted to pleasure. With his father a Lothario and his mother a fool, Anthony does as well, perhaps, as may be expected. The story opens as he is conducting an innocent schoolboy affair with a girl of the so-called lower classes, whom a college mate of his seduces a little further in the story. Anthony, technically virtuous but with youth's inevitable flair for exploration, hovers through numerous pages on the brink of such experience as may delight the imaginations of the callow or senile, and then obtains it, upon the person of an easy widow.

So on—and so on. There are scenes of temptation in which our hero resists with all the force that a writer of trash can muster. He has the great good fortune of losing his wife to his former roommate—the author. The book is tawdry. Of its sort, it can boast efficient workmanship.

MURDER ON LONG ISLAND

THE VANITY CASE. By Carolyn Wells. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

CAROLYN WELLS is an amazing phenomenon. Her frequency of production is in inverse ratio to the quality of her work—and her frequency of production is exceptionally high. It is not two months since the present reviewer has turned from "The Bronze Hand," as threadbare and dull a detective tale as the reviewer has ever encountered, with the possible exception of some of Miss Wells's previous work; and it is therefore somewhat of a surprise to discover that she has already completed a new book, and somewhat of an annoyance to find that it is constructed by the simple device of shuffling her old material and giving it a slightly different framework without removing any of her glaring defects of style and construction.

The theme itself is so hackneyed that one wonders why any writer should employ it even once, not to say repeatedly. In an apparently serene Long Island community, a handsome young woman is found murdered; the causes of the crime are mysterious, and there is no clue as to the motive; but the husband of the deceased is inexplicably absent, and suspicion centres upon him. It is now time, of course, for the author to cry "Bring on the detectives"; and the detectives having duly arrived, they proceed to follow clues that take them through many successive chapters, ending in a complete explanation and an apprehension of the villain somewhere in the neighborhood of page 330.

It is not to the thoroughly conventional nature of the plot that one objects—something interesting might conceivably be written even on this most stereotyped of themes. One's real complaint is that the author handles her material in such a way as to make it appear ludicrous, or worse than ludicrous. Her characters are mere puppets, and their conversations are forced and unnatural; her situations are so palpably made to order that they compel a smile which her attempts at humor cannot evoke; her ultimate explanation—the explanation which one must read through seventy or eighty thousand words to reach—is so childish and silly, and is built upon such a strained conception of human psychology, as to be positively beneath contempt. Why such books should be written, and why, having been written, they should be published, is a problem that one reviewer cannot pretend to solve.

A. Conan Doyle's "A History of Spiritualism," which the George H. Doran Company will bring out in June, is said to be the first complete history of psychic investigations from the record up to and including recent scientific studies of the problem. The work will be in two volumes.

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So I held off. But the book didn't. It kept right on at me. So I held the debate with myself. I said to myself it can't be that you're such a lowdown nickel squeezer that your subconscious is howling about the price. All right. Acquitted! Then what difference does it make to you if you read two volumes, one way or another. Good books are rare enough to make it all the better, to have a good deal of a good one. You always finish a good book wishing there were more of it anyway.

So I won the argument. I got the book. To be perfectly frank with you, I was slow getting into it, but once I was in they couldn't pull me out of it with a derrick. And the fun of it is that it took me less time to finish it than a 264 page book in big schoolreader type that I had just been struggling with.

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Books in Brief Review

LOTHROP STODDARD

***SCIENTIFIC HUMANISM.* By Lothrop Stoddard. 377 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.**

LOTHROP STODDARD'S is still the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Along with a goodly company of other writers, he still feels the responsibility heavy upon his shoulders of saving civilization. With them, he sees it menaced by dire fates, possessed by devils, as it were, that are sure to carry it headlong down cliffs of disaster into the sea of destruction, if something isn't done about it very quickly. It does not seem ever to occur to these Jeremiahs that there is at least a sporting chance that it would be a good thing for this civilization of ours to go crashing to destruction, so that mankind could have the opportunity of making a fresh start—beginning all over again and perhaps heading next time in a different direction. Would Mr. Stoddard, if he were to take, wholly and entirely, that scientific attitude of mind that he thinks so necessary and divest himself completely of all that emotional prejudice which he considers so hampering, would he then be so sure that this Occidental civilization—which is of course what he and his fellow-prophets mean by civilization—is really worth taking so much trouble to preserve?

At any rate, he is now very much concerned about its fate. It is threatened, he believes, by its top-heaviness. Scientific intelligence has explored such far domains and has accumulated such vast quantities of knowledge that even the educated minority of mankind can no longer know very much about its efforts and their results, while immense numbers of people know almost nothing and care not at all about these things. Their actions are inspired and controlled by emotional prejudice. In former ages they did not count in the guiding of the world's course. But the practical applications of scientific thought and effort and man's social and political development have brought them up from their one-time low estate until now, by mere force of numbers, they are in a position to dominate the future course of civilization. Mr. Stoddard is not optimistic about what they may, probably will, do to the further advance of scientific research and knowledge and he is quite sure that something must be done to change their attitude and make them less hostile to scientific methods and achievements. He looks upon the Fundamentalist campaign, as shown in the Dayton trial and in other efforts to secure legislation against scientific teaching in schools, as proof of his contention, and he says, very truly and forcibly, that notwithstanding the ridicule with which the European press treated the Dayton affair, a very similar and probably even worse state of mind will be revealed among the unenlightened masses of Europe when they get the opportunity to figure more largely in articulate public opinion.

Mr. Stoddard sees the consequent task very clear before the modern world—"the enlightenment of the unenlightened majority, the reconciling of alarmed emotions to scientific knowledge." He draws a parallel between the intellectual situation of the world at the present time and that of Europe at the beginning of the Renaissance, when free and able thinkers visioned a new order of life, the "Humanism" wherein there should be freedom for the mind and appreciation of the joy and beauty of life. Their ideal went down in the roar of wars, the intolerance and bigotry of religions, the quarrels of politics. But Mr. Stoddard wants to see the essential factors of that ideal combined with the scientific advance, methods and mental attitude of today, and he calls upon all the enlightened of the present time to enlist under the banner of this "scientific humanism" which he holds on high.

Once again [he says] a wealth of new knowledge has quickened our minds and a new idealism has appeared to elevate the human spirit. * * * The age that is coming will be an age of true enlightenment and progress if we succeed in really assimilating the vast extensions of knowledge and power which we have amassed into our present idealistic and cultural scheme. And the way to do it is the way already charted by the men of the Renaissance; that is to say, by an attitude of mind and spirit which we may term Scientific Humanism.

* * * Today, as in the Renaissance four centuries ago, the forces of ignorance, passion and unreason are astir; now, as then, reaction and fanaticism are alarmed and powerful. Will these primitive, volcanic forces, always latent in even the most cultured communities, burst forth to overwhelm the coming Renaissance and perhaps shatter the whole fabric of our civilization?

Those who have read Mr. Stoddard's previous books will not need to be told that he writes here, as always, with vigor and eloquence and persuasiveness—so much persuasiveness, indeed, that the reader needs to keep constantly a questioning attitude if he would preserve his own intellectual judgment and independence. Mr. Stoddard is evidently a wide reader of up-to-date scientific and philosophical surveys of life, for he quotes extensively from many recent books with which he is in agreement and by which his own thought seems to have been much inspired.

FIFTY ESSAYS

***WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO GIVE? By Angelo Patri. 193 pp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.**

TAKE stock of yourself, mint the best of your very soul into shining and beautiful coins and give them with grace and joy and high and happy spirit if you would deserve well of life, is the substance of the message Angelo Patri sends forth in this new book of fifty-odd brief essays and sketches. The latest in the line of half a dozen or more volumes into which he has transmuted the wisdom his contacts with men and women and children as an educator and a keen observer have taught him, it has taken on still more than was evident in its predecessors the spirit of what is technically known as an "inspirational" book. Its purpose is to help people who are baffled or discouraged or puzzled by life to get a fresh view of things, to make another start with new vim in their hearts, to realise their own essential consequence, to understand how much love of beauty, gentleness of soul, a spirit that sings mean for one's self and for others. Some of the essays are meant especially for parents and are designed to prod them with little hints and suggestions concerning their responsibilities and the chances for pleasure and companionship with their children which they miss.

That Mr. Patri has much knowledge of and sympathy with the younger generation is evident in many of the essays and especially in one called "Today's Daughter," in which he offers an interpretation of a much practiced youthful feminine rite that ought to reassure some of those scandalized elders who have protested against it vigorously but in vain. "Ages and ages ago," says Mr. Patri, "seamen bedecked the nose of their vessel, sprinkled it with blessed water and set a brave figure upon it. About to adventure, they prayed whatever gods they knew to direct the prow of their vessel aright. The flapper powders her nose in the same spirit. It is at once a salutation and a propitiation, a challenge and a prayer."

Mr. Patri deals mostly in these essays with simple, fundamental things, with spiritual conditions and crises known to every son of man, with the commonest of every day events, and in simple, conversational style touched with imagination, a sense of material and spiritual beauty and nervous energy, he shows their significance.

PARENTHOOD

***PARENTHOOD AND THE NEWER PSYCHOLOGY. Being the Application of Old Principles in a New Guise to the Problems of Parents With Their Children. By Frank Howard Richardson. 200 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.**

FOR some years the favorite odd-time sport of medical and psychological scientists has been informing, educating and disciplining parents. If the American parent does not soon blossom out as the super-parent, the ideal parent, the ne plus ultra parent of all the civilized world, it will be his and her own fault for not profiting by all these proffered advantages. Judging by the number and apparent success of all the books on this subject that have been published during recent years, American parents fully realize their incapacity and are eager to be told the million and one things about their job that they don't know. The author of this new one, who is a practicing physician specialising in pediatrics, says that his book fills a need that has not been adequately recognized by any of its predecessors. In his medical practice, devoted exclusively to children and their problems in health and disease, he says that "it has not been possible to find a book to recommend to inquiring fathers and mothers which would do two simple things: first, give in clear, understandable terms an explanation of the cardinal principles of the newer psychology, and then apply these principles in such a manner as would enable parents the better to understand their own children.

It is just such a simplifying, clarifying, practical book as he has felt the need of that he has written. He deals with only a few of the fundamental principles of the new psychology, but these he states so simply, explains so clearly and illustrates so illuminatingly that even an uneducated reader could easily understand and assimilate them. Each one is shown, also, in practical action in the daily life of both children and adults, and the parent is told, with much practical illustration, how best to take advantage of the workings of the principle in the training of the child. Thus, the first chapter considers the various manifestations of the emotion of love, how these develop in unvarying order in all children, how each manifestation should be dealt with and what injuries to the child's emotional life may result if it is not rightly treated. The subconscious and its share in the life of both child and adult is clearly explained; how development may be arrested, the disastrous results and how to avoid such a catastrophe, the problem of discipline, the influence of the desire to imitate, are some of the subjects dealt with by Dr. Richardson, who takes up in the course of his book and treats with similar lucidity most of the problems that at one time or another harass and baffle all parents.

MODERN INDIANS

***THE INDIANS TODAY. By Flora Warren Seymour. Illustrated. 335 pp. New York: Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co.**

INTENDED rather for the information of young people than for older readers, Mrs. Seymour's interesting and capably written book will, however, be useful for any one who wants a fairly complete resumé of the story of the American Indian, in all his tribes, brought into the convenient compass of a single small volume. Its preparation has meant an immense amount of work in gathering together so much material from such widely spread distances. But Mrs. Seymour, who is a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, has not only assembled the vast amount of factual material necessary, but she has given it logical arrangement and interesting humanized presentation.

In the initial chapter, which is accompanied by an outline map of the United States that locates all of the Indian tribal habitations of the present time, she gives a sort of birdseye view of where and how the Indians of today live, swinging down the Atlantic Coast from the north, westward along the northern border, south down the Pacific Coast, then eastward again to Oklahoma, where live, she says, at least a third of all the Indians of the United States. In the next chapter she takes a look backward and explains and describes the stages of culture that had been achieved by the Indian folk of long gone ages and its vestiges at the present time. The story of the Five Nations, with particular account of their share in the Revolutionary War, is told in a chapter on "The People of the Long House," while another is devoted to the history of the Sioux, from the days of Lewis and Clark down through the Custer massacre and the ghost-dancing craze of a generation ago to the present day and the influence among them of Dr. Eastman—"Ohiyesa."

In similar fashion Mrs. Seymour covers the history of the intelligent Cherokees, the rich Osages, the Nez Percés, the Navajos, whom she calls "the Arabs of the Southwest," the Hopis and their snake-dancing, the Zunis and the Pueblos. She makes it all very readable, diversifying the narrative with anecdotes, references to personalities who have figured prominently in Indian history and

(Continued on Page 28)

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WITHIN THIS VERY DAY great literature is being written. It is a tremendous thing, even an awesome thing, to realize that we are contemporaries of minds whose visions and whose stories will be reverently loved by generations to come. If the shade of Walter Scott came back into this life—or other of the great masters of imagery and song, the bold high-hearted masters, the golden talented masters, the abundant geniuses whose gifts were so prodigal and so generously cast abroad—if Walter Scott or Keats or Meredith came back into this world of living men, we can believe they would yet find one or two large creative minds of the same stuff as their own. They would find one or two hearts like their own. They would find one or two story-tellers, poets and dreamers, makers of the immortal magic, whom they could hail as peers of their own life-inspiring spirits. Great Conrad is gone, and Kipling has wrapped himself in silence. But Donn Byrne of Ireland is still a young man, and the fire of his genius mounts year by year. Like a fire the genius of Donn Byrne mounts hot and white and clean. A dreamer of transcendental dreams, a stylist of marvelous lyric loveliness, he remains to sing the everlasting paean of life, to reaffirm the deathless and aeonal conviction of mankind that courage is good, that virtue and honesty are good, that the living of life may be a splendid passion. In an age when much falsity, much blindness, and an infinite amount of dreariness are being written, he has spoken again in marvelously beautiful language these very ancient truths which are known to all humanity. Donn Byrne has boldly reaffirmed humanity's faith in its own soul. Already this great creative writer has given six books to enduring English literature: The Wind Bloweth, Changeling, Messer Marco Polo, Blind Raftery, O'Malley of Shanganagh and Hangman's House. They are books which will be pored over by schoolmasters of coming generations, which will be loved because of their simple beauty by scholars as well as plain men. The age in which we live will be knit in literary history with the name of Donn Byrne of Ireland. It is a tribute to the discernment of the reading public that his worth—as has invariably occurred with other literary masters before—is recognized by the general public of his living age, and that his books are discussed and acclaimed everywhere. This wide recognition is evidenced in one concrete way by the fact that his books—unlike those of any other well-known author—have never gone into low-priced "reprint editions," and that the first publication price has always remained the lowest at which Donn Byrne's stories can be secured.

Notes on Rare Books

IN the decade of Shelley's adult life he found time not only to contribute some of the finest poetry in our language, but to produce, as well, a considerable number of letters. He was a prolific (and sometimes feverish) correspondent and his letters form a rich and valuable addition to epistolary literature. Many of these—a great number indeed—have been published by Ingpen and by Dowden, although in the latter's edition there are conspicuous omissions. It is expected, in this connection, that Mr. Seymour de Ricci' forthcoming bibliography of Shelley's letters will be as complete as such a record may be, and that occasional (and sometimes) natural errors in Ingpen and Dowden's works will be corrected. We have, in a sense, glanced over Mr. de Ricci's shoulder at this bibliography and we are inclined to believe that it will be a first-rate work of immense value to students.

Shelley collectors are numerous and his letters, which are eargerly sought for, have achieved an impressive commercial standing. It will be news of a welcome kind, therefore, to know that the famous Shelley correspondence in the Bodleian Library, a portion of which has been published, is the subject of a pamphlet just issued by the Bodleian authorities. This is "The Shelley correspondence in the Bodleian Library. Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley and others, mainly unpublished, from the collection presented to the library by Lady Shelley in 1892; with a chronological table of the collection and a list of other Shelley manuscripts and relics in the library," edited by R. H. Hill, M. A. (Oxford, Bodleian Library, 1926).

It will be remembered that in 1893 Lady Shelley deposited in this library this extensive collection of manuscripts on conditions, the chief of which was that all the original documents, except manuscripts and those letters already published by Mrs. Shelley or in Dowden's "Life," should be kept apart and not open for public inspection until the centenary of Shelley's death in 1922. The manuscripts, which were presented unconditionally, contained, with numerous odes, sonnets and fragments, such memorable pieces as "Epipsychidion (prefaces, &c.)," "The Witch of Atlas," a portion of "Leon and Cythna," "Prometheus Unbound," "The Necessity of Atheism," "Address to the Irish People," &c.

***

THE correspondence consists of 229 letters (503 leaves) from the poet and Mary Shelley to each other and to Thomas Hookham, William Goodwin, Sir Timothy Shelley, T. L. Peacock, J. H. Leigh Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Gisborne and others. There is an interesting series of over forty letters (mainly unpublished) written in Italy between 1818 and 1822 by Mary Shelley, mostly to her friends the Gisbornes and to Miss Emilia Curran. From a report submitted to the Bodleian curators by the Merton Professor of English Literature and H. F. B. Brett-Smith the following is quoted:

> It is clear that Dowden, when he wrote his "Life of Shelley" had all, or nearly all this material before him, and that with very few exceptions he printed everything that seemed to him of any importance. * * * The chief value of the collection is in the material which it contains for the correction and amplification of letters already published, should a final edition of Shelley's correspondence ever be attempted.

Except for the earlier letters, 1810-14, practically all the correspondence is included in the volumes known as "Shelley and Mary," which contain all the letters and other documents of a biographical nature then (1882) in the hands of Shelley's representatives.

In the present Bodleian volume twenty-four of the forty-four letters appear to be hitherto unpublished. The publication of the other twenty was deemed advisable because they are known only in incorrect or incomplete versions. Seven of the letters have already appeared in the Bodleian Quarterly Record, and it is planned to print Mrs. Shelley's letters to persons other than her husband at some early date.

It is obvious that the letters listed in the Bodleian brochure would be of the greatest autobiographic value. Such contributions as they make, however, to our knowledge of Shelley, illuminating as they are, only serve to confirm much that we already know. He was an "advanced radical" before his twenties; in 1812 he wrote to Thomas Hookham Jr. (the bookseller):

> I have read Mr. Peacock's verses. Independently of their poetical merit, they are accurately descriptive, of the exquisite souls by whom I am encompassed. Bigotry is so universally pervading that the best are deeply tainted; I was speaking of Mr. Peacock to a Lady who knew him during his residence in Wales. In many respects she is a woman of considerable merit; & except in religious matters a model of toleration. "Ah!" said she, "there Mr. Peacock lived in a cottage near Tan y bwich, associating with no one, & hiding his head like a murderer"; "but," she added, altering her voice to a tone of appropriate gravity, "he was *worse than that*, he was an *Atheist*." I exclaimed much against the intolerance of her remark, without producing the slightest effect: She knows very well that I am an infidel & a democrat, but perhaps she *does not do me justice*. * * *

***

IN the next letter listed, also to Hookham near the end of the same year, a part reads:

> Subjoined is a list of books which I wish you to send me very soon. I am determined to apply myself to a study that is hateful & disgusting to my very soul, but which is above all studies necessary for him who would be listened to as a mender of antiquated abuses. I mean that record of crimes & miseries—History.

Among the hateful books were Kant, Spinoza, Gibbon, Hume, Darwin's "Zoonomia," Herodotus, Thucydides, Zenophon, Plutarch, &c., all wished for in "the cheapest possible edition."

The longest letter recorded here is that to Leigh Hunt (Florence, November, 1819), which Shelley headed "For the Examiner." It was, however, not printed there; this, apparently, is the first time that it has been fully printed, and it occupies fully nine quarto pages. It is suffused with a fine note of indignation, awakened by the conviction of Richard Carlile for publishing Paine's "Age of Reason" and is an altogether remarkable piece of work.

We cannot do more here than to indicate the value of this extremely interesting account of the Shelleys' correspondence. There are printed, too, several letters from Mary to Percy, and one of great importance from P. W. Longdill, then Shelley's solicitor in the Chancery case of 1817, involving the guardianship of his children, Ianthe and Charles.

***

THE name of Franklin has not heretofore, we believe, been associated with bookbinding, but that he was occasionally concerned in that craft in its less ostentatious form is the subject of a little article by H. H. Manchester in the Bookbinding Magazine for June, 1926.

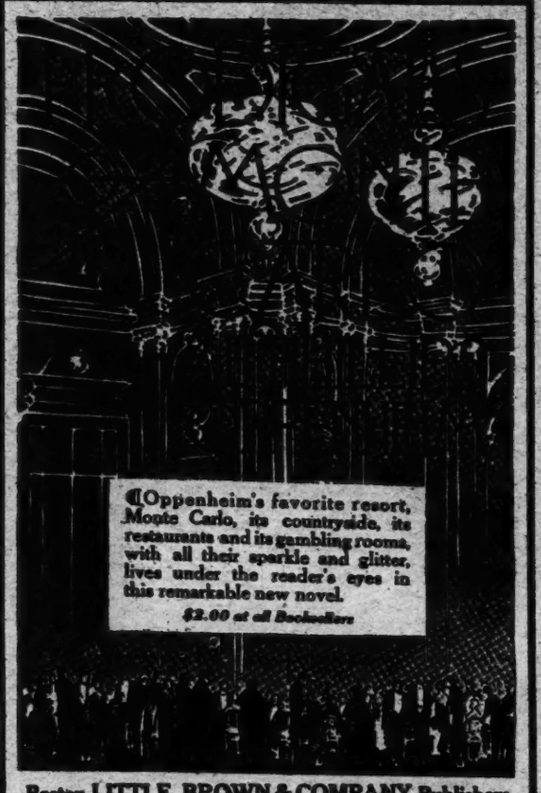
From this we learn that he began to practice bookbinding shortly after 1730. After he took charge of the Pennsylvania Gazette there are several notices connecting him with the industry. Mrs. Franklin, too, assisted him in "folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the papermakers, &c."

Not long after Franklin began the publication of "Poor Richard's Almanac" he advertised that at this printing shop books were "bound reasonably and in the best manner." This advertisement continued to run after he became Postmaster, in 1737, until 1740. It is interesting to have this fairly conclusive evidence that part of his work was the binding of books. It is not at all strange, however, that he should have engaged in this work; he did nearly everything else in his time.

***

On June 20 Charles F. Heartman will sell at his salesroom, Metuchen, N. J., a collection of 411 lots of Americana, described on the title-page of his catalogue as

> Autographs, broadsides, pamphlets, many choice and rare items, including imprints, Indian captivities, rare tracts on the American Revolution and the French and Indian War; books and pamphlets relating to the Indians and the early West * * * to New Jersey, &c., and autographs of an unusual quality, listed between Arnold and Washington, the latter being represented by a number of fine letters.



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Books in Brief Review

(Continued from Page 26)

picturesque accounts of Indian customs. The book endeavors and quite successfully to give a comprehensive, simple account of the present-day manner of life of the American Indian and to picture also the story of his progress from the first of our knowledge of him.

TWENTY INDUSTRIALISTS

AUTOMOTIVE GIANTS OF AMERICA. By B. C. Forbes and O. D. Foster. Illustrated. 295 pp. New York: B. C. Forbes Publishing Company.

THE business-life stories of twenty of the prominent men in the American automobile industry are told in this volume with picturesque handling of fact and a keen sense of the dramatic. Mr. Forbes notes in his introduction—all of the sketches had first publication in Forbes Magazine—that although the automobile industry is young its leaders are not young men, saying that only three of the twenty whose business careers are here recounted are in the forties and that the average age of them all is a shade under 55. The reader can make the deduction, if he likes, that perhaps they would not have gone so far and so fast in the industry which attracted them so strongly in its beginnings if they had not already developed their business muscles; steeled their business nerves and trained their business faculties in other work. For only one of them, Roy D. Chapin of the Hudson Motor Car Company, found his business opening in the automotive industry. Mr. Forbes offers an interesting table which lists name, birthplace, first job and education of each of the twenty. The "first job" column is a medley. Three of these men began business life as office boys, two as grocery store clerks, two worked on farms, one was a country school teacher, and one, John N. Willys, whose life, as Mr. Forbes sketches it, has been one of wild alarums and excitements, dramatic successes and spectacular downfalls or threats of downfall, started in his middle teens as partner with another lad in a laundry business. All but one of them are of American birth, and only three are university graduates, although several others have had a year or more of collegiate training. A third of them obtained all their education in the public school. The stories are all exceptionally well written, in a way that makes the reader realize not only the enthusiasm and the hard work, the intense absorption these men put into the enterprises which have brought them such tremendous success, but also the thrill, the "kick," they got out of their endeavors.

WORDS! WORDS! WORDS!

MARCH'S THESAURUS DICTIONARY. Fourth edition. Illustrated. 1,190 pp., with appendix containing 251 pp. Philadelphia: Historical Publishing Company.

THE first edition of Professor March's Thesaurus Dictionary of the English language was published in 1903, and it has ever since been a reference book valued by students of the languages and by those who wish to use their mother tongue with accuracy, precision and effectiveness. The amplified appendix, completely indexed, which has been added to this new—the fourth—edition, dates its new words, references, definitions and other matters to as late as the end of March, 1925. It contains a great variety of material, including a study of the forms and relations of English speech which deals with its grammar, punctuation, history, the art of composition, the evolution of writing, wrong uses of words and expressions, the building of English words and their roots and derivations, words from names famous in literature, from Ali Baba to Babbitt, abbreviations, American soubriquets, literary pseudonyms, recent slang words and phrases, a condensed reference list of names of people, places, things in the Bible, modern words from the arts and sciences classified by subject, beginning with agriculture and ending with warfare, geographic words, with associated facts of interest wherein one finds information about the cities, rivers and nations of the world, colonies, coinage systems, League of Nations and World Court; and a section of Americana containing a large and varied amount of data. The section dealing with words from the arts and sciences, embracing forty divisions, was prepared by Science Service, with the aid of specialists.

"No Mercy East of the Hellespont"

(Continued from Page 18)

had seen before, and endured not only the dangers of enemy fire but the more subtle perils of a stab in the back. He was in the paradoxical situation, so far as the heterogeneous Ottoman irregulars were concerned, of being a Christian fighting a holy war for the Moslem Turks. Indeed at one time, fighting against the Armenians at Van, the latter had attempted to turn the Kurds and Circassians against him by shouting from the besieged city, "Why have you recognized a mere Giaour (infidel) as your leader? Don't you know he is only a Christian dog like us?" The position of de Nogales was, to say the least, unenviable.

By far the most interesting, in most respects, is his account of the Armenian massacres. He proves, when all is said and done, that there is little to choose between the methods of the fierce nomadic tribes of Turkey and the Christians of those parts. The Armenian pogroms of 1894-1896 had sent a thrill of horror throughout the civilized world which had its counteraction in a lesser thrill which followed them when the Christians gained the upper hand. On the one hand, the author shows the inconceivable bestiality of bloody murder committed under the Turks, and the not less revolting excesses committed by the Armenians.

He describes how, after the Governor General of the province had given orders "to exterminate all Armenian males of 12 years of age and over," the civil authorities, backed by the Kurds, had penetrated

> into the house [of Van] and after knifing the defenseless victims, obliged the wives, mothers, or daughters of those miserable creatures to drag their wounded out into the street by the feet or arms. There the rest of the scoundrels killed them, despoiled the corpses of clothing and left them lying at the mercy of vultures and jackals.

And he adds that Turkish and Kurdish women "had witnessed the whole of the atrocious drama, unmoved as sphinxes, seated along the streets or on the flat roofs."

As revolting as these descriptions are, those of the Armenians are hardly less terrible. He shows how the 30,000 or 40,000 Armenians shut up in Van organized bands of music, elected provisional governors and minted medals and military crosses instead of taking the initiative in an attack which, says the author, "might have obliged us to retire to the Province of Bitlis," to say nothing of saving thousands of their lives and cutting off the retreat of the Turkish army in Persia. And he goes on to describe in various places how the Armenians sold their brethren to the Turks for a proverbial mess of potage, which, however, the Kurdish assassins did not let them live to enjoy. Again, he says, referring to a group of Armenian women and children attempting to gain admittance to Van:

> I was by chance standing on one of the terraces of the castle, viewing the passage of that strange procession; and I could not believe my eyes when I saw that instead of gathering in these unfortunates, the Armenians were shooting them down, wounding some and killing others. * * * As a Christian, I felt so tremendous a rage and contempt for the behavior of those Igorrotes, who had not hesitated to shoot their own children and wives in order to avoid sharing food with them, that I immediately ordered my men to open fire by sections.

These scenes and worse Rafael de Nogales, Inspector General of the Turkish forces, saw. And to make matters worse he was usually unable to do anything to soften the cruel fate of his fellow Christians. He was, as he says, a soldier under the Turk and was therefore obligated to carry out the orders of his superiors. He might have preferred death, but it would have been a most foolish thought; for he then could not have performed such chivalric services as striking down Kurdish gendarmes to give a drink of water to a dying Armenian girl, or, to his peril, aiding and even delivering from execution British, French, Italian and Russian prisoners of war.

The usual explanation of the Armenian massacres is that they are the effect caused by the excessive cupidity of the Armenians themselves. This is in large part true. But de Nogales's explanation is different, as it must be to show why such wholesale carnage was carried out under the guise of an act of war, and it is fairer. To begin with, speaking as "one who had witnessed things that no Christian should ever have witnessed," he is in a position to say with authority that "the regular army of the Ottomans was entirely innocent of the Armenian massacres." These, he asserts, were undertaken upon the orders of the civil authorities, chief of whom was Talaat Pasha, "the renegade Hebrew of Saloniki," the man who, as Grand Vizier, is reputed to have said to Henry Morgenthau: "The massacres! What of them? They merely amuse me"; and the man who, word for word, uttered the order: "Anéantissez, expulsez, brûlez; j'assume la responsibilité morale et matérielle."

It is easy, as many do, to fall into the error of condemning a whole nation for the crimes of a few like Talaat Pasha. And in the comparative security of the Western World it is perhaps difficult to understand the spirit of wild Kurdistan, whose people, because of their very barbarity, were used for generations by the Sultans to police the empire. But there and in other terrifying parts of old Turkey, where life is cheaper than chewing gum here, it was ever easy to exploit the fierceness of the semi-brigand tribes and to set in motion a massacre for the glittering prize of loot. And at this, as the author states, the civil authorities at the Sublime Port fiendishly and successfully connived. A very different spirit reigns in Anatolia, where the real Turk lives.

De Nogales speaks, on the whole, with great admiration of the Germans who were his comrades in war-time Turkey, especially of Field Marshal von der Goltz. But of the Turk leaders it is different. Most of them, he admits, are the first gentlemen of the Orient. Enver Pasha, he says, stood for "progress—good or bad, but always progress." But he thinks he was "not notable either as a soldier or as a politician; but he was a man of iron, with an energetic spirit unusual in an Oriental." For his kinsman, Khalil Bey, he has supreme contempt, rating him, probably rightly, as the worst soldier, the vainest and the most expensive to be commissioned by the Sultan. The Albanian, Vehib Bey, was, the author states, "perhaps a tiger, but he was likewise both valiant soldier and grand seigneur." Djemal Pasha he rates as "a shameless robber" and Djevdet Bey "a panther in human form."

The book, gruesome though it is, gives a valuable sidelight on life behind the Turkish lines and provides abundant material for a true evaluation of the Turk, even though he is seen at his worst. But, apart from these considerations, the book, delightfully and feelingly written, would be worth its weight in thrills, if every page weighed a ton, as a tale of chivalry in the age of iron. Moreover, it exemplifies as a patent truth that "mercy does not exist east of the Hellespont."

T. J. C. MARTYN.

(Reviewed from the Spanish in THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW for May 17, 1925.)

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QUERIES

"Centuries Like Grains of Sand"

J. H. P.—There is a poem, I think by Whittier, commencing, "Great God, from whose Almighty hand, the centuries drop like grains of sand." This poem was read at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, 1876. I would like to have a copy of it and to know where it can be found.

"Sons of the North and South"

M. S. C.—Would you kindly furnish me with the poem from the following fragmentary lines here quoted:

When the sons of the sunny South
Marched off on the fields of France
Were led by the spirit of Lee
As they advanced.
When the sons of the windy North
Marched off on the fields of France
Were led by the spirit of Grant
As they advanced.

"Wild Winds"

E. M. C.—Can any one help me locate the author's name and the poem containing the following lines:

Be thou no anchor, O my faith,
To lie on ocean's wave,
Away from wind and wave and e'en remote
From its great eye.
Thy task to cling and clutch,
But rather when the winds are free,
Be thou the needle, loyal to mine oar,
Bearing my barque;
Better go down amid the winds wild roar
Than rot in * * *
And go not forth at bidding of the wild beseeching waves,

"Fire"

R. B.—I desire to obtain a complete copy and also the name of the author of the poem beginning:

Fire they call me, I am monarch
Of the granite rocks that lie
Ages deep beneath the surface
Unperceived of mortal eye * * *

"The Lesson of Othello"

L. M. S.—Can any one tell me where and when John Quincy Adams said the lesson of Othello is that "a white woman never should marry a black man"?

"Vision and Faculty Divine"

S. D.—Would you try to find through your columns the identification of the following quotation: "The vision and faculty divine"? I remember reading this in Macaulay, but I have often wondered who the author is and where it may be found.

"By Alexander Hamilton"

T. B. S.—I wonder if any reader can tell me where I can get a quotation attributed to Alexander Hamilton, either in some of his speeches or in his writings, the substance of which is as follows:

"Gentlemen—We yield, for this time, our contention for a strong central Government. You may temporarily have your way, and grant the sovereignty to the States; however, it is a mistake—one which will, at a later day, be washed out in blood."

"A German Legend"

S. M. L.—A German legend tells of a lover fiend who attended a favored mortal and finished the mortal's tasks, so that when the mortal rose in the morning he found his house swept and garnished by invisible hands. Where may the reference to this lover fiend be found?

"Sow a Thought, Reap a Destiny"

R. W. W.—Can any reader assist me in finding the complete quotation with the name of the author of which this is all I remember: "Sow a thought, reap a deed; sow a deed, reap a habit; sow a habit, reap a destiny."

"Bygone Days"

J. G.—Can any reader give me the name of the author and publisher of a poem called "Songs of Other Days," beginning: "Adown the years they come to me through all the mists of time."

"An Imaginary World"

E. D. C.—About twelve years ago I read a story in some magazine (which was afterward published in book form), the theme of which dealt with the imaginary end of the world by its passing through a pocket or cloud of ether, as I remember. There was a group of scientists who foresaw the catastrophe and built a glass enclosed tower with oxygen tanks to last several hours so that they might observe the effect on the earth before they, too, had to succumb. I wonder if any readers can tell me the title, author and publishers of the book.

"The Epitome of Man's Life"

M. D. G.—Some time ago the following statement was published in a magazine: "The epitome of man's life, put into a short poem by Eden Phillpotts, is one of the finest things in the English language." The poem was not given. Can any one supply it?

"If I Were a Queen"

W. C. B.—I would like to find the rest of the poem of which these lines are a part and also learn the name of the author.

If one of us should be a queen and sit on a golden throne
With a crown instead of a hat on her head and diamonds all her own.

"Looking Backward"

L. L.—Where may I find the rest of the poem, lines of which I quote from memory:

The flowers I saw in the wildwood
Have since dropped their beautiful leaves,
And the many dear friends of my childhood
Have slumbered for years in their grave.
But the bloom of the flowers I remember
Though their smiles I shall never more see;
For the cold chilly winds of December
Stole my flower and my companion from me.

"A Southern Town"

C. McD. P.—Can any one furnish the poem of four or five stanzas, by William Alexander Percy, entitled "A Little Southern Town," which I read about four years ago in one of the leading magazines, the name of which has slipped my mind?

ANSWERS

"The Busy City"

MISS A. E. PYKE, Philadelphia, Pa.—E. L. D., in your issue of June 6, inquires for the poem beginning: "In the heart of the busy city," &c. The title is "The Old Stone Basin" and the author Susan Coolidge. The poem contains eight stanzas and is too long to publish, but we print the first two stanzas below. A copy has been made from "Pieces for Every Occasion" (Noble & Noble, New York), and sent to our correspondent.

THE OLD STONE BASIN

In the heart of the busy city,
In the scorching noontide heat;
The sound of bubbling water,
Falls on the din of the street.

It falls in a grey stone basin,
And over the cool wet drink,
The heads of thirsty horses
Each moment are stretched to drink.

"My Unborn Son"

MISS EDITH MAYWALD, Rutherford, N. J.—The poem wanted by V. L. N. in your issue of May 23 entitled "My Unborn Son," by Captain Cyril Morton Thorne, is contained in a book of his poems published under the title of "Songs of the Shrapnel Shell." The poem Miss Maywald enclosed is too long to print, but the first two of the eight stanzas are given below:

"My son!" What simple, beautiful words!
"My boy!" What a wonderful phrase!
We're counting the months till you come to us—
The months, and the weeks, and the days!

"The New Little Stranger," some babes are called,
But that's not what you're going to be;
With double my virtues and half of my faults
You can't be a stranger to me!

A copy of the poem has been forwarded to our correspondent.

"'Porte Crayon'—D. H. Strothers"

WILLIAM H. COUGHLIN (Librarian), Brooklyn, N. Y.—In the matter of Colonel David Strothers, artist and author of "Virginia Illustrated," for which H. McD. inquires in your issue of June 6, Colonel Strothers's writings, before and during the war, were published in Harper's Magazine. This includes his war experiences, in which he mentions the fact that he was transferred to the staff of Major Gen. N. P. Banks, with whom he served in the Shenandoah campaign. The index to Harper's Monthly will enable your correspondent to locate his writings. In Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography is a satisfactory account of Colonel Strothers's life, containing his portrait. (Mr. Coughlin is a Civil War veteran and member of the U. S. Grant Post, G. A. R., Brooklyn.) He writes: "Porte Crayon pictures and writings were my boyhood delight and still interest me."

***

Mrs. LOUISE G. ARMOLDSON, Missoula, Mont.—If H. McD. is not able to get the information requested concerning "Porte Crayon and D. H. Strothers," he might try addressing the Clerk of the County Court, Charles Town, Jefferson County, W. Va., for the address of General Strothers's heirs. General Strothers's widow and the Hunter family were residents of Charles Town, where I knew them long ago. Some member of the family should be able to supply the desired information.

"Building a Bridge"

MISS LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—The poem described by E. H. (May 30) is "Building the Bridge for Him," by Miss Will Allen Dromgoole of The Nashville (Tenn.) Banner; it is printed in her volume "Rare Old Chums." I send a copy of the poem for E. H.:

BUILDING THE BRIDGE FOR HIM.
Miss Will Allen Dromgoole.

An old man, traveling a lone highway,
Came at the evening cold and gray,
To a chasm deep and wide.

The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
For the sullen stream held no fears for him.
But he turned when he reached the other side,
And builded a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," cried a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day,
And you never again will pass this way.

"You have crossed the chasm deep and wide.
Why build you a bridge at eventide?"
And the builder raised his old gray head:,
"Good friend, on the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet will pass this way.

"This stream, which has been as naught to me,
To that fair-haired boy may a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim—
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."

A number of readers answered this query and a copy of the poem has been sent to our correspondent.

"King Hassan"

MISS LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—I send the poem "Tomorrow," by James Buckham, of which J. L. quoted the opening lines in your issue of May 6:

TOMORROW.
James Buckham.

King Hassan, well beloved, was wont to say,
When aught went wrong or any project failed:
"Tomorrow, friends, will be another day!"
And in that faith he slept and so prevailed.

Long live this proverb! While the world shall roll
Tomorrows, fresh, shall rise from out the night,
And new baptize the indomitable soul
With courage for its never ending fight.

No one, I say, is conquered till he yields;
And yield he need not, while, like mist from glass,
God wipes the stain of life-old battlefields
From every morning that he brings to pass.

New day, new hope, new courage! Let this be
O soul, thy cheerful creed! What's yesterday,
With all its shards and wrack and grief, to thee?
Forget it, then—here lies the victor's way.

"Happiness"

ORLIN M. SANFORD, St. George, S. I., N. Y.—Evidently the author and lines desired by L. M. S. in your issue of June 6 are as follows:

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.

They are in No. 68 of Samuel Johnson's "Rambler."

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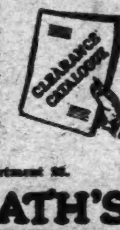

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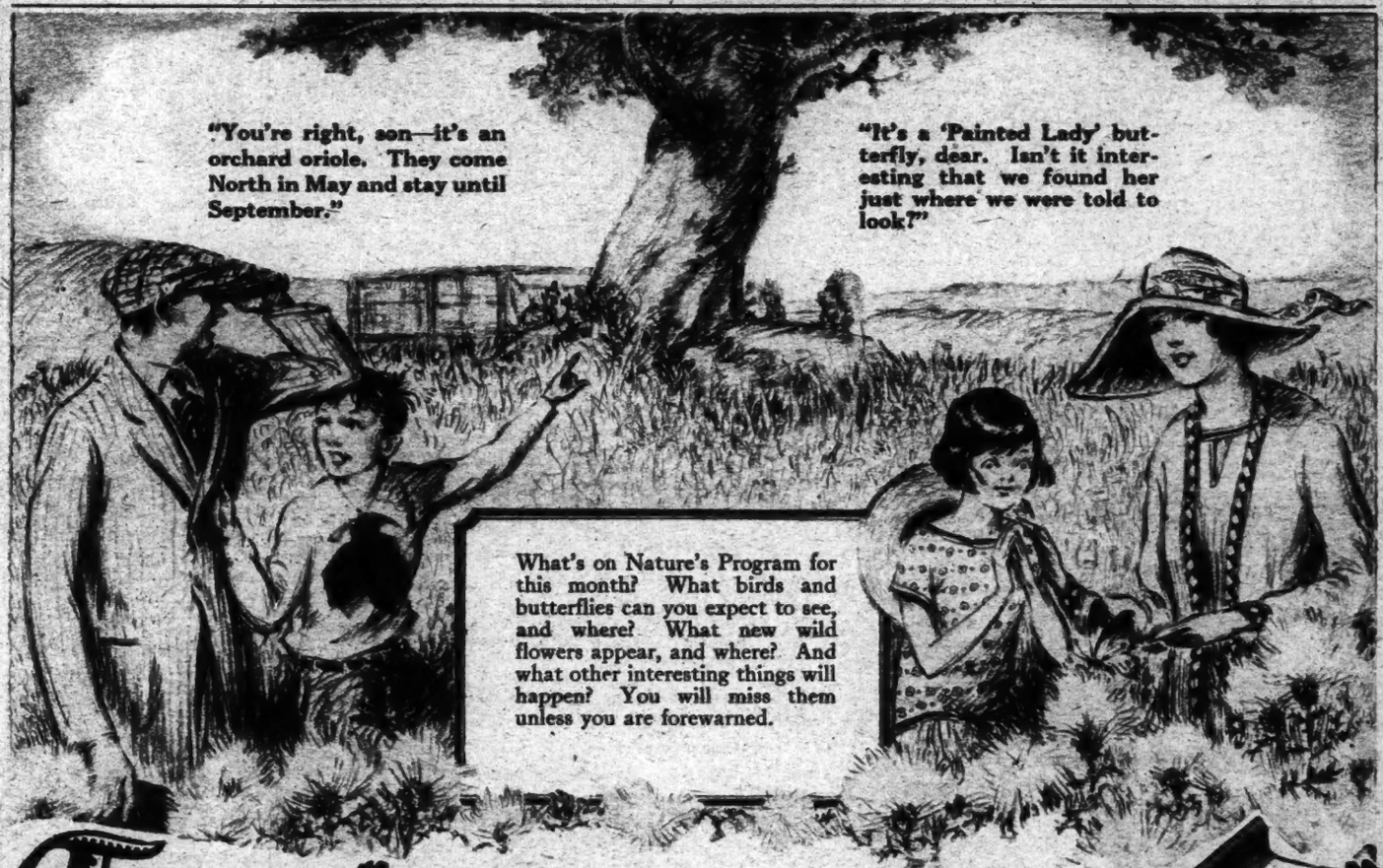

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What is that little bright yellow bird with black wings, black cap and tail? Off he goes, rising and falling in long waves through the air, making a ripple of sweet, twittering notes as he flies. If you knew what to look for, you would probably recognize him.

What's on the Program Now?

What is the name of the gray-coated bird that you catch a glimpse of in the thicket over there? *"Zeey, Zeey,"* he whines, disagreeably, as if in protest at your intrusion, and goes off out of sight. Then from a distance comes an exquisitely finished, rippling song. Can it be possible that both sounds were made by the same bird? Only those who get to know the birds intimately by sight and sound realize the pleasure this intimacy can give.

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